SINGING BOOKS.
S the season is approaching for the commencement of
. Singing Schools, the subscriber would give notice that
the varieties of Singing Books will be furnished at the pub-
ers' prices, at No. 19 Washington street.
ept. 30. D. H. ELA.

VE GEESE AND RUSSIA FEATHERS,
At Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, Boston.
OGERS & HASKELL offer for sale best Northern and
Western Live Geese and Russia FEATHERS, which are
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DR. CHARLES HOLMAN,
Nos. 9 & 10 Penhallow street, Portsmouth, N. H.,
AS prepared and constantly on hand and for sale, whole-
sale and retail, the following Medicines:

Nature's Grand Restorative.
'his valuable vegetable medicine stands unrivalled for the
owing complaints, viz: Dyspepsa or Indigestion, diseased
er, Bilious Disorders, Dropsy, Asthma, Costiveness, Worms
Loss of Appetite, and by cleansing the stomach and bowels,
es pains in the side, stomach and breast, colds and coughs
ong standing, hoarseness, shortness of breath, nervous com-
ints, &c. which is frequently the effect of disease. Its virtues
pass any thing heretofore known, in removing St. Vitus
nce; two bottles have been known to cure this afflicting dis-
e, after having baffled every exertion for four years. It has
most powerful influence in removing nervous complaints. It
pleasant to take, and its operation so much so, that it may
administered to the infant with safety. Price $1.00 per bot-

Directions for receiving this or any other of the following
ned medicines accompany and envelope each bottle. Cer-
cates of the efficacy of this medicine have been received
m the Rev. George Storrs, a talented and highly esteemed
nister of the Gospel, of the Methodist Episcopal Church;
o, from William Walker, Esq. an officer of the Customs of
port of Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Josiah Webster, dec'd, late
Messenger of the several Banks in Portsmouth, and Mr. Rob-
Foster, printer, of the same place—Which gentlemen, it is
ll known here, are as credible, respectable and competent
nesses as any persons in this community. Also from the
n. Judge Burgin, of Allenstown, N. H., Mr. Isaac K. Palmer
Concord, N. H., Mr. Ralph Smith of East Cambridge, Mass.
l several other as respectable persons.

Holman's Bone Ointment.
This ointment stands at the head of all remedies for the fol-
ving diseases which human nature is heir to, viz: Rheuma-
n, both chronic and inflammatory, gout, sprains, bruises and
tracted tendons, of long standing. It discusses all tumors,
ders stiff joints limber, by producing a healthy muscular ac-
n. It assuages pains in Boils and Abscesses. Nothing equals
n swelled and inflamed breasts in females; if applied in its
ly stage, prevents suppuration or matter forming, and gives
all cases immediate ease from pain. Certificates of this fact
ld be given, if necessary. This remedy is offered to the
olic with the assurance that it far excels the Opodeldocs and
iments of the present day, for the above diseases. A trial
only wanted, to give it the decided preference to every thing
e. Many physicians of eminence have used this ointment
l extol its merits.
A certificate of Mr. Robert Gurney, carriage maker, of Ports-
outh, of the cure of his daughter of a contracted knee, accom-
nies and envelopes each vial.

Itch Ointment.
Directions for using this preparation accompany each box.
is ointment is safe and speedy in its operation. It contains
mercurial or other deleterious ingredients, so common in
any of the popular ointments in use.

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This elixir is useful in all cases of pain, is taken inwardly or
plied externally. Directions accompany and envelope each
al.

Fine Slippery Elm, for Poultices.
There never was an article introduced into the "healing art"
rpassing this. for burns, biles, cuts, bruises, chilblains, old
res and ulcers, inflamed and swelled breasts, and inflamma-
ons generally. The poultice is made in the ordinary way, as
u would any other poultice, with milk and water, cold or hot,
the case may require. There is another kind, which is called
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harles Holman Penhallow street, Portsmouth, N. H.

Superfine Flour of Elm Bark.
This article is a valuable specific in Pleurisy, Diarrhœa, Ca-
rrh, Dysentery, Quinsy, Consumption, inflammation of the
omach, bowels, throat, &c. &c Nothing surpasses it for ex-
rnal application as a poultice, for inflamed eyes, biles, cuts,
uises, and sores in general. This medicine is recommended
the first medical gentlemen in our country for the above com-
aints. Directions to each package.

Dr. Holman's Cough Syrup.
This Cough Syrup is a most valuable medicine for loosening
hard dry cough, and for those who are inclined to consump-
ve habits. It is valuable for children, in cases of whooping
ough, chin cough, &c.
Directions:—For grown persons, take from two to four
oonfuls, as the case may require. Children from one to two
aspoonfuls.

Vegetable Bitters.
This preparation is calculated to correct the bile and create
appetite, by restoring the digestive powers; and may be
eely used both as a restorative and to prevent disease. Di-
ctions with the vial.

Holman's Drops for Fits.
A great number of children afflicted with Fits arising from
rious causes, as well as numerous adult cases of falling sick-
ss, have been radically cured by a proper use of this medi-
ne. Directions accompany each vial.

Holman's Essence of Cayenne.
This truly valuable and pleasant preparation possesses every
ssible advantage over that in its crude state.

Dr. Holman's Cough Powder.
This Cough Powder is a most valuable remedy for common
lds, whooping cough, and coughs of long standing. It has
en long tested, and is recommended to the public as one of
e most valuable medicines now in use.
Direction.—Take half a teaspoonful in molasses on going to
ed.

Dr. Holman's Jaundice Powders.
This powder is one of the best Jaundice preparations now in
e for this distressing complaint. It warms and cleanses a foul
omach, and produces a healthy state of the bile.
A most distressing case of Jaundice accompanied with great
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Also a very general assortment of medicinal herbs, roots,
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ccommodating prices on commission or other arrangement,
s at any other large establishment in the Union.
Particular information respecting the above medicines may
e found in a pamphlet published by the Proprietor, which may
e had of the Agents.
The following persons are agents for the sale of the above
amed medicines:—
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New York. Rushton & Aspenwall, James H. Hall, and A.
Innes & Co., New York City; J. V. E. Vanderhoof, Brooklyn.
*** All directions signed in the hand writing of the Propri-
etor. eow6m Sept 16.

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ROGERS & HASKELL, continue to keep for sale at Nos.
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July 8. tf

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Behold, I bring you good tidings

ZION'S HERALD.

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

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Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.
ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

David H. Ela, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

To John Henry Hopkins, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Vermont:

LETTER I.

Right Reverend Sir—You have published a lecture, avowedly in opposition to Temperance Societies. I have read that lecture with increasing mortification and surprise, from the commencement to the close. I am grieved, Right Reverend sir, that a Bishop of that denomination of Christians, to which I have the happiness to belong, should select a position, so very unenviable, as that which you have chosen: and I am equally surprised, that, with such abundant means of information as have been scattered among the remotest hills and valleys of our country, you should manifest such unaccountable ignorance of the subject which you have undertaken to discuss. It will not be a very oppressive task to demonstrate, that you have not studied the great leading principles of the reformation, as they are laid down in the constitution of the American Temperance Society, and presented, again and again, before the world, upon the pages of innumerable reports, journals, and magazines. You are strangely ignorant of the very term of its existence; and the want of such needful information can never be supplied by a mere *profluvium* of words. You say, indeed, that your opinions are "*the result of a long and anxious examination.*" It may have been *long and anxious*, but it must have been a very careless and unskilful examination, Right Reverend sir; and, if we can show that you have wholly misrepresented the fundamental principles of the Temperance Society, it will not vary the measure of your accountability here and hereafter, that your errors were those of ignorance, if the means of true knowledge were fairly within your reach, but wholly disregarded, at the time.

Your private motives, for such a spirited *tourney* against all temperance societies, might have remained forever within the limits of your own Episcopate, perhaps within the chancel of your own bosom, had not the same presiding genius, which prompted you to this labor of supererogation, induced you, at the same time, to apprize the world of your personal relation to the temperance cause. You say of the subject, which you have attempted to examine, that it is an "*exciting subject.*" For some reason or other, which is not of universal application to thorough-going cold water men, it is very apt to be so with the enemies of the reformation. You speak of "*the reckless spirit of slander, which presumes to declare that no one can have any objection to the Temperance Society, unless he be himself an intemperate man.*" You are also pleased to say, that you have not "*selected this topic on account of any personal feeling;*" and you beg that it may not be supposed that you have. Such a course very naturally leads us to suspect, that you are more than ordinarily apprehensive of the charge of personal feeling, in your own diocese. But you finally remove all doubts by these words: "*To the censure so liberally bestowed upon myself, for not thinking fit to join the Temperance Society, I am so long and thoroughly accustomed, that it costs me nothing to bear it with good humour.*" It may possibly be so, but truly, Right Reverend sir, you have a very uncommon way of showing it. Over the whole breadth and length of the Evangelists, it is not possible to find a drop of that gall, which is so abundantly shed abroad, we say not in your heart, but over the whole surface of your lecture. Taunting ridicule and bitter sarcasm are the vehicles of your *good humour!* But the workings of our sinful hearts are often more intelligible, Bishop Hopkins, to others, than to ourselves. The truant schoolboy, who goes forth, writhing under the ferule or strap of some able-bodied pedagogue, constrains his swollen features into a crooked smile, and boasts that it did not hurt him!

You are pleased to say,—

"If, my brethren, this disposition to boast of our superior wisdom and virtue, had not become leagued with a bitter hostility against those who halt in the rear of this march of improvement; if, especially, it had not invaded the sacred inclosure of the Church of Christ, and set up its banners, as tokens, against those old-fashioned Christians, who are disposed to walk quietly and peaceably in the paths of their fathers, content with the wisdom of the Bible and the rules of the apostles, I should not have been troubled with preparing, nor you with hearing the present lecture."

Now it appears that one of your positions, which you have pledged yourself to maintain, is no less than this, that *the Temperance Society, if it should succeed, would be the triumph of infidelity;* meaning, in rather better English, that its success would be the triumph of infidelity! Set, as you are, for the defence of the gospel, the fear, however remote, of any such result, might have been gracefully presented, as one of your reasons for the preparation of your lecture; and you have certainly some reason for apprehending the final triumph of the temperance cause, through the triumph of the Temperance Society.

After a very careful perusal of your lecture, we laid it down with a settled conviction, that the most judicious course for the friends of temperance would be, "to suffer expressive silence to muse its praise." Individually, we are still of that opinion. But there are others, among the most able, devout, and judicious friends of temperance, who think otherwise. They are, in one particular respect, of the same opinion with yourself; they believe, that "*there are minds, indeed, which cannot think, and many more, who* (which?) *will not.*" Upon such they apprehend a more mischievous effect from the rustling of your canonical robes, and the flourishing of your reverence's lawn sleeves and crosier, than from your reasoning powers. The flashy productions of a scintillating mind are often more attractive to the youthful portion of a community, than the voice of reason or the words of truth and soberness. It is their opinion, therefore, that your performance should be fairly and faithfully examined,—that it should be thoroughly sifted, in order that the public may have the full benefit of any thing which may remain, after a careful separation of the chaff. We propose to commence this operation in a future number.

When we contemplate the grandeur of that magnificent movement of the world, which has, for years, received the steady co-operation of so many great, and good, and pious, and learned men, in our own and in other countries;—when we behold millions of immortal creatures, enlisted on its side;—when we hear, with our own ears, and see, with our own eyes, its perfectly intelligible results, in the restoration of so many thousands of our fellow beings to themselves, to their families, to their God;—when we reflect that so many grave, devoted, and highly intelligent divines, of every denomination, have borne their testimony to this work, as a Christian work, and commended it to the favor of Heaven, in their public and private prayers;—when we consider, that the most enlightened and powerful minds upon this earth have given it their countenance and support, without excepting against its fundamental principles of action;—when we reflect upon these things, and perceive with what self-complacency you deride and denounce, not only these principles of action, but the whole project of the Temperance Society; it is not easy to repress a smile at the boldness of a Bishop, whose canonicals, as yet, are scarcely adjusted to his shoulders. The excitement, naturally produced by "*the censure so liberally bestowed upon you for not thinking fit to join the Temperance Society,*" is very apparent, notwithstanding you proclaim that it costs you nothing to bear it with "*good humor;*" and the attitude in which you have placed yourself, as the assailant of the Temperance Society, recalls to us the amusing anecdote of a Scotch Covenanter, who became so excited, while riding by Stirling Castle, at the thought that it was in the possession of those whom he did not love, that he rode furiously up in front of the fortress, and fired a horse pistol against its impenetrable walls.

Although we have decided not to commence the examination of your arguments against the Temperance Society, in our present number, it may not be amiss to make our readers acquainted with your reverence, by an exhibition of the introductory portion of your lecture. From this sample of your work, they may possibly receive an impression in relation to the measure of your abilities, as a profound thinker and a correct reasoner.

"It has been a common characteristic of mankind, my brethren, in every age, to think that they possessed some important advantages over all that have gone before them. And we should do great injustice to the temper of our own times, if we denied our perfect sympathy in this agreeable spirit of self-exultation. Indeed, there is hardly a point in the circle of literature, of arts, of politics, and of social life, which does not, in some degree, bear the stamp of the conviction, that we occupy a far higher rank in the scale of human attainment than any other portion of our race. And it affords a curious and instructive instance of the subtilty of pride, when we see how the same vanity which would be a vice in ourselves, becomes a popular virtue, as soon as it is diffused over our age, or nation. We should be disgusted, for instance, to hear an individual say, How enlightened, liberal, refined, and benevolent a man I am,—there never was a mortal equal to me, in enterprise and moral virtue. Such a speech, would obtain for its author no better return than derision and contempt. But let him extend the compliment to others, and say, How enlightened and liberal is the age we live in! How refined and benevolent are the people of our beloved country! Surely there never was a period of the world, or a nation upon earth, so distinguished as our own.—Ah, now we hear the voice of a true patriot, of a practical philosopher, and of an admirable judge of human nature; and we take the offering of self-love in this shape, without the slightest distrust, and carry home our share in the applause with the gravest air of perfect disinterestedness, and feel disposed to turn with absolute wrath upon the man who would dare to question a proposition, so modest and so plain.

In close connexion with this temper, we hear of those familiar phrases, which are almost enough, of themselves, to procure a high degree of favor towards any one who judiciously employs them. The march of intellect—the progress of intelligence—the spirit of the age—the genius of the age—the benevolent enterprises of the age—these are favorite forms of speech in all the oratory of the day. To be behind the spirit of the age, is an awful sort of depravity, according to the popular standard of esteem; and to hold back from the benevolent enterprises of the age, is an atrocious wrong, for which all the old-fashioned virtues put together, can afford no adequate reparation."—pp. 126, 127.

Vanity is certainly a weakness, a folly, a great personal affliction. But we never expected to hear it termed a "*vice,*" by your reverence. We are disposed to consider this matter more lightly. We agree with you, that he, who would say of himself, "*How enlightened, liberal, refined, and benevolent I am; there never was a mortal equal to me!*" would obtain for himself our "*derision,*" but not always our "*contempt.*" We have seen this weakness, so entirely characteristic, so perpetually prominent, even in a clergyman, that we have been strongly tempted to question his fitness for the holy office. We were never in the society of this egotistical prelate, for ten successive minutes, without the recollection of the words of an ancient divine,—"*A house that is already full, can hold no more, and he that is so full of himself, can have little room for God.*" Yet we cannot say, that this inordinate self-conceit excited our "*contempt.*" Personal vanity is more offensive in the sight of some persons than of others. It frequently renders its restless victim an object of perfectly innocent and legitimate mirth; and, although, in certain cases, an intolerable desire for applause, exhibited in almost every look, word, and gesture, may seem to disqualify for the duties of the holy office; yet the very individual, to whom we allude, has made his way to the Episcopate, and, if still living, is a Bishop. We think, Right Reverend sir, that you are too severe upon this pardonable weakness of our nature; for, if vanity be a "*vice,*" and entitled to the "*contempt*" of mankind, the gentleman to whom we refer, has made his way to the mitre, with an oppressive weight on his soul.

You remark, in the quotation we have made, "*It affords a curious and instructive instance of the subtilty of pride, when we see how the same vanity, which would be a vice in ourselves, becomes a popular virtue, as soon as it is diffused over our age or nation.*" Now your reverence's views upon this subject are certainly very poetical and very unphilosophical. It appears to cost you nothing of labor and care to settle your premises; and then you reason onward, with all the delirious ingenuity, which is so common in that description of persons, whose judgment is taken away, while the powers of imagination rise and expand more rankly than ever. So is it here. So is it in your dealing with the main subject of your lecture. You strain up the machinery of your mind, and then bring it to bear upon the subject matter of analysis, with a rash confidence in the infallible precision of its operation. So it is with the experimentalist, who winds up the time-keeper to the very last turn, and, without sufficient regard to the adjustment of all things, permits the machinery to move: the wheels go round with unprofitable velocity; to the observer of its indices, hours are but seconds, all is false, all is error. The careless manager had neglected to attach the pendulum! The same result arises here from your omission to select matters of fact rather than of fancy, for your premises.—Any fair minded man, who is not turning and tossing, from morning to night, over the ceaseless fires of his own personal ambition, may be legitimately happy in the contemplation of the virtue, or the learning, or the piety of another. There is surely no *vanity* in this. Suppose the meritorious person to be *his* friend or *his* neighbor, still *vanity* cannot necessarily be presupposed, even though such excellences of character be applauded most zealously with tongue and with pen. And may not the same thing be true of the virtue, piety, and learning of *one's own* age or nation? How many pious men are constantly exchanging congratulations upon the progress of a truly evangelical and missionary spirit in *our own* time!—How many, in their daily devotions, thank God for the manifestation of his power, in this particular respect, in *our own beloved country!* And is this *vanity?* Are there not millions of men in the world, quite as grave, and pious, as you or I, Right Reverend sir, our elders withal, and somewhat more learned, and a great deal wiser, who thank God with *humble* and grateful hearts for "*the march of intellect, the progress of intelligence, the spirit of the age, and the benevolent enterprises of the age*"? And is all this nothing but *vanity?* And do you call this taking "*an offering of self-love*"? We should have thought your reverence would have been able to give us a more accurate definition of such a thing as *vanity.*—Having thus amused yourself and your readers, with this unphilosophical pleasantry, you proceed to the assumption of one position after another, equally untenable, until your readers, bewildered and lost in the fog of your sophistry, are ready to exclaim, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

A Member of the Prot. Episcopal Church.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

JUST AS WE HAVE BELIEVED.

A correspondent of the Atlas, who is journeying in Canada, dates one of his letters at Trois Rivieres, which he says is the present residence of the notorious Stephen Burroughs. He further says that Burroughs now officiates there as a *Catholic priest!!*

We see by this fact, that a man cannot be so great and thorough-bred a scoundrel, as to disqualify him for the office of Roman Catholic priest.

Indignans.

Boston, Oct. 14.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A QUERY.

A man was seen, early in the day on Monday, reeling to and fro under the influence of liquor, and expatiating upon the excellence of a sermon he heard the day before,—saying that the "*doctrine advanced, and the exposition of the Scriptures given, were such as exactly met his views.*"

Query.—What doctrines did the minister preach?

Guess.

Boston, Oct. 15, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ANOTHER.

A young lady in this city, who is dangerously sick, has been brought up to attend the Protestant Episcopal Church. Recently she has left that church, and attended another, whose doctrines better suited her mind. She is now very sick, and though not expected to live, she utterly refuses to see any *Christian minister*, to be conversed with on the subject of salvation;—and this in consequence of the doctrines she has recently embraced.

Query.—What doctrines has she recently heard?

More Anon.

Boston, Oct. 16.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

EARLY EDUCATION.

NO. VI.

Mr. Editor—It seems to have been the case, and is still too much so, in many instances, that the advancement of scholars, in their studies, is judged of by the number of pages gone over, or lines committed to memory. To how many of our academical institutions this remark will apply, the writer does not pretend to say, but it affords him pleasure to know, and here to state, that it is not applicable to to all. But, however this may be with regard to the higher grade of schools, such as academies and colleges, the fact is well known, that it is so in those of common districts. The scholar learns words, phrases, and sentences, but knows not what they mean. Of course, then, they are as valuable to him as so many Greek or Latin terms would be, to which he can attach no sense. The only true criterion by which we can judge of the proficiency of any one in learning, is, the fund of ideas he has gained. It is of but little consequence how well a lesson is committed, or, how fluently it is recited, if the correct meaning is not attached to the words it embraces; and, indeed, as far as learning to read is concerned, it will be found much more profitable to understand every sentence as the child advances, and learn to read that correctly before he passes on to another. As language is the medium through which ideas are conveyed, it becomes not only useless, but sometimes injurious, when its proper meaning is not apprehended. The most valuable sentiments, clothed in an unknown tongue, whether it be German or French, Italian or English, would be of no avail to any one. The business of an instructor seems to be, to pave the way for the scholar, and aid him in climbing the hill of science. He is to simplify the languages of the sciences, whenever it is necessary, and adapt it to the capacity of the pupil. He should illustrate the principles of each separate branch, as circumstances may require. But here is the difficulty. In most instances, the common-school teacher is incapable of explaining principles. It is true, he may find little advantage in daily driving a scholar over a set number of pages, without reference to the knowledge acquired of the subject pursued; but it cannot be expected he will teach what he does not himself understand. Mathematics have shared, not a little, in the mechanical system of instruction. Arithmetic has long been studied in schools of almost every grade. Students have gone over it, (I will not say through it,) again and again, and yet know but little about it. And why? Because they solved their problems, and worked out their examples by given rules, and considered it almost a sin to inquire into their reason and propriety. The teacher, too, would, in many instances, have considered himself grossly insulted, to be interrogated by a pupil concerning the the reason of a rule.

The author's "ipse dixit" must, of course, suffice, as it would be impertinent to question the truth of his assertion, and entirely out of character for a scholar. Yours in haste,

Oct. 7, 1835. Delta.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

IF SINNERS ENTICE THEE, CONSENT THOU NOT.—*Solomon.*

Mr. Editor—A few Sabbaths since, I was invited to preach at the House of Correction, in South Boston, and, between those massy walls, found confined an interesting, though emaciated youth. Trained up in the fear of God from earliest childhood, he had been accustomed "to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy;" and his conduct, in every respect, was all that the most anxious and pious parents could wish, and his acquaintance was eagerly sought by many.

It was, by one of these, that he was requested, one Sunday evening, to decline his usual attendance in the house of God, and to accompany him, in a ramble, a few miles beyond the precincts of the city. He hesitated; he knew, to comply with his request, was to neglect a duty, and to despise a privilege of no common kind; but the evening was fine, his companion was urgent in his solicitation, and surely there cannot be much sin in, "*for once, only once,*" employing these sacred hours in taking an innocent walk.

He yielded to the temptation; and what was the result? *Indifference, profligacy, theft,* attending the Theatre,* and, finally, imprisonment.

What! you exclaim—from merely taking a walk on Sunday evening! I reply in the affirmative; for it was during that walk, that he became acquainted with one, whose principles and conduct were any thing but in unison with the Word of God. One unfortunate introduction led to another; he imbibed their sentiments; was influenced by their example, and became deaf to the voice of maternal solicitude.

This is not the reverie of a wild imagination. The subject of these remarks, pennyless, and unhappy, is, where I have already stated. And O, may He who regardeth the cry of the afflicted, condescend, in the fulness of his compassion, to answer the prayers which, watered by the tears of maternal affection, are offered at the throne of grace for the prodigal's return! J. Dale.

* *Warren Theatre, "that sink of iniquity."*

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Tuscumbia Seminary, Ala., *Oct.* 3*d*, 1835.

Brother K.—Feeling assured, that you are deeply interested in the cause of popular education, I am confident that you will be gratified to learn, that the Seminary, under my charge, is in a very prosperous condition. The last annual examination of the Seminary was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, during two days continuance, was attended by a very numerous audience, which appeared perfectly satisfied with the regulations of the Institution, and the improvement of the students, in the various branches of a thorough and polished education.

At the close of the examination, and the day following, five hundred dollars were subscribed to purchase an astronomical, philosophical, and chemical apparatus, for the Seminary. The apparatus has been ordered, and is daily expected. The Seminary buildings have been improved, and a very large and convenient boarding-house is nearly completed. We have in the institution, the present session, one hundred and twenty-nine students, which is, probably, a greater number than any other similar institution in the State.

Several of the students embraced religion at a Camp Meeting, recently held in this vicinity.

The Seminary evidently shares the smiles of a Gracious Providence, as well as the confidence of a wealthy, intelligent, and enterprising community.

The prospects of La Grange College are highly flattering; the faculty are very able and popular.

The friends of the college have been greatly augmented the past year. A large new building has been commenced. The present number of students is about one hundred and thirty. The moral character, and uniform gentlemanly behavior of the students, is a subject of general remark.

Professor Tutwiler, of the Alabama University, at Tuscaloosa, passed an evening at my house a short time since, and gave me a very flattering account of the prosperity of the literary institutions, both male and female, in the capital of the State. He also spoke of the prospects of popular education in the State, generally, as being very encouraging. From all I can learn respecting the cause of education in the far South West, it is evident that it is receiving increased attention and patronage, throughout this fertile and highly prosperous section of the federal union.

The cause of temperance, too, receives some share of attention. Societies have been formed in most of the towns in this country, and are generally in a prosperous state. Much remains to be done yet, as large quantities of the "*Fire Waters*" are annually imported and sold here, by wholesale and retail.

The state of religious feeling within the bounds of the Tennessee Conference, is, to a great extent, very encouraging. The late camp-meetings have contributed much toward elevating the tone of religious feeling and sentiment in the church. They have also resulted in the conversion of many souls. Camp-meetings are held here on a very different plan to what they are at the North. A grove, convenient to a good spring, is selected; a large shed is then built to shelter the congregation from inclement weather. These sheds are, frequently, 100 feet long, and fifty, or more, feet wide, at one end of which the pulpit is situated. The tents are log cabins, built large, roomy, and present an air of neatness and comfort. Those who tent are generally wealthy planters, who make ample provision for all who may attend during the meeting without any charge, but that of receiving spiritual profit by the exercises. I do not say, that this is the better way of holding camp-meetings, but it has this good effect, it keeps off victualing pedlars, &c. I have not room on my sheet for more. Yours,

C. Richardson.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A DIFFICULT AFFAIR.

The editor of the Catholic Sentinel published, in his paper of the 10th instant, a letter from a correspondent, in which he makes the following inquiry:—

"Does the Catholic Church actually hold, that the body and blood of Jesus Christ are really present at the celebration of the Mass, in the elements of bread and wine?"

To this, Mr. Pepper makes the following curious reply:—"The foregoing is a most difficult question," * * * "requiring, for its solution, the scholastic divinity of a Bossuet, the polemical divinity of O'Leary, and the theological deduction of a Bishop Doyle!"

Now, mark—the correspondent does not ask, whether Catholics believe in Transubstantiation, or what the meaning of the doctrine is, or what are the true philosophical principles, upon which it is based,—but simply, whether they believe that Christ's body and blood are really and literally present at the Mass. This inquiry, demanding merely a categorical answer, Mr. Pepper says, is a most difficult question, one which requires the learning and logic of three or four Bishops to answer!!

This is George Pepper all over; a fair specimen of his worse than loose manner of thinking and writing. All that it required to answer the question, fully, was simply—*Yes* or *No*. This was all the correspondent asked. But, Mr. Editor cannot answer a question in this direct manner. Hence he asserts what is false; quotes Scripture, which have no connection with the subject or transubstantiation, and winds up with a silly, unreasonable remark, relating to the Eucharist. So much for the animal, who is a burlesque upon human nature, but says he is able to "make a formidable stand against any man in America"!! Surely the above effort presents

"Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry."

The Pope.

WINTER LIGHTNING.

The flash at midnight!—'twas a light
That gave the blind a moment's sight,
Then sank in tenfold gloom;
Loud, deep, and long the thunder broke,
The deaf ear instantly awoke,
Then closed as in the tomb:
An angel might have pass'd my bed,
Sounded the trump of God, and fled.

So life appears;—a sudden birth,
A glance revealing heaven and earth,
It *is* and is *not!*
So fame the poet's hope deceives,
Who sings for after-times, and leaves
A name—to be forgot;
Life is a lightning flash of breath,
Fame but a thunder-clap at death.

Boasting.—A man boasting of his honesty, is generally a rogue—of his courage, generally a coward—of his riches, generally not wealthy—of his republicanism, generally an aristocrat—of his intimacy with great men, generally despised by those who may chance to know him—of his wit, popularity and standing, always a fool.

MODERATION.

A gentleman advertised for a coachman; three persons applied, and were admitted into the parlor. The road leading to the hall, went near to a dangerous precipice.

"How near the edge of this precipice can you drive me, without any danger of an upset?" inquired the gentleman of the first applicant.

"Within a hand's breadth," answered the man.

"And how near could *you* drive me," said the gentleman to the second.

"Within a hair's breadth," was the reply.

The third man had gathered up his hat, and was leaving the room, supposing he had no chance of competing with either of these two.

"Stop, stop," said the gentleman; "let us hear what you have got to say."

"Why, sir, I cannot compete with either of these; if I were to drive you, *I would keep as far off as I possibly could.*"

"You are the man for me," said the gentleman, and engaged him immediately.

The moral is plain. The moderation man, goes as near as he dare, and is frequently upset; the tee-totaller keeps as far off as he can, and is always safe. —*English paper.*

The man who attempts to walk on emptiness, half way between earth and heaven, with the Bible in one hand and money in the other, will do well to ponder upon the above

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No man should be confident of his own merit; the best err, and the wisest are deceived.

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1835.

A BOSTON MOB.

EXCITED BY THE DAILY PRESS.

Our city, last Wednesday afternoon, was the theatre of a mob, that will disgrace it, as long as the name of *liberty* endures.

The Female Anti-Slavery Society notified in one or two papers, that their annual meeting would be held at the Anti-Slavery Hall, No. 46 Washington street, at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the riot. In consequence of this, a handbill was circulated freely through the city, offering a reward of $100 to the first man who would lay violent hands on George Thompson. Here it is:—

THOMPSON,--THE ABOLITIONIST!

That infamous foreign scoundrel, THOMPSON, will hold forth *this afternoon*, at the LIBERATOR OFFICE, No 48 Washington street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to *snake Thompson out!* It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of *one hundred dollars* has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens, to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on THOMPSON, so that he may be brought to the tar kettle before dark. Friends of the Union! be vigilant!

Boston, Wednesday, 12 *o'clock*.

This was enough;—the hounds of Pandemonium were let loose. They first succeeded most valiantly in driving away about *twenty ladies*. They then called for "THOMPSON." It was announced that he was out of the city. They then demanded "GARRISON." The Mayor, who was present, refused to give him up, declaring that he would at all hazards protect him. The *sign* of the office was then required. This was taken off and thrown to the miscreants. They seized it, and tore it into a thousand pieces. Several persons, in the mean time, were supposed to be Garrison, and severely handled in consequence,—brother Ela among the rest. Ten or twelve blows were aimed at him, but he escaped without injury. Bibles and Hymn Books were thrown out of the windows of the Hall, and eagerly mutilated and trampled upon by the infidels. One slight serio-comical incident we could not help smiling at. A man who was full of patriotism, and helping on the mob, had in one hand a *bottle*, while the other was waved for the "*Union*."

Mr. Garrison had succeeded in making his escape, by being let down with a rope from a back window, and had secreted himself in a carpenter's shop, in Wilson's Lane. One of the apprentices, we are informed,—this fact we would point out to the city authorities, and hope the young scoundrel may meet his deserts,—told the mob where he was. He was taken, but rescued and carried to the Mayor's Room. That officer then made a speech to the mob, declaring that he would protect Mr. Garrison, at the risk of his life, and calling upon all good citizens to sustain him in the preservation of peace. We would here remark that our admiration of the conduct of that functionary, through the whole transaction, is unbounded. He deserves the thanks of every lover of order.

By the exertions of the Mayor, Mr. G. was placed in a hack and driven off to jail, as the only safe place for him. Several unsuccessful efforts were made to upset the vehicle, and cut the traces of the horses. The driver, however, manifested uncommon fortitude.

From all we can learn, Mr. Garrison exhibited wonderful presence of mind. When he found himself securely lodged in jail, he good-naturedly exclaimed, "*Never was a man so glad to get into jail before.*" His friends who visited him, found him as composed as usual. We state this fact, because some of the papers, with their accustomed facility at falsehood, have misrepresented the matter.

There is no doubt in our mind, that if either Thompson or Garrison could have been fairly in the clutches of the fiends, their lives would have been taken.

Reader, those who were engaged in this riot, call themselves MEN—and *gentlemen*. We do not dispute their claim to the title. But till now we have ever gloried in our birth-right. And this is the land of LIBERTY!—*liberty* of speech, *liberty* of the press! Our soul is sick at such hypocrisy. Give us the true iron despotism of the Autocrat of all the Russias, rather than this miserable mockery.

"It is strange!—it is dreadful! Shout, Tyranny, shout
Through your dungeons and palaces, 'Freedom is o'er:—
If there lingers one spark of her fire, tread it out
And return to your empire of darkness once more.
For if *such* are the braggarts that claim to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss:—
Far nobler to live the brute bondmen of thee,
Than sully even chains by a struggle like this."

We feel ourself solemnly called upon at this crisis, to speak plainly. We have truly fallen upon perilous times. Our country is fast verging into one great mob. The wise and prudent men, if we rebuke that spirit, advise, in a whisper, to be *very cautious*. Out upon the cautiousness, that will see the Union endangered in this ruthless manner, without a loud word of denunciation. What! while demons are prowling about the country, hanging innocent men, and destroying churches, shall we not give utterance to our scorn and loathing? We are told that we should use mild and placid diction. Aye, truly! smile and bow, while our WIVES and CHILDREN are burning upon the altar of popular fury; and huzza with the priests who minister at that altar, while we are fattening for the next offering. This has become no *child's play*; it is a sober and melancholy thing.

WHO ARE THE AUTHORS OF THIS RIOT? The Daily Press of the city, with a limited exception. Those who have been most actively engaged *indirectly* in the work, are,

☞ THE BOSTON COMMERCIAL GAZETTE,

☞ THE COLUMBIAN CENTINEL.

The first is a miserable, weather-cock affair, ever veering in politics. Its influence is principally confined to the mobocratic portion of the community. For many years it has been denied the confidence of intelligent men. It published, the day of the meeting, the notice of the ladies, together with the following palpable bait:—

It will be recollected that the above Society attempted to hold their annual meeting in Ritchie Hall last week, and were prevented by a number of PATRIOTIC citizens, who assembled at an early hour, for the purpose of *being introduced to Mr. George Thompson*, who was to address the meeting on that occasion. It is understood that Mr. Thompson, nothing daunted by the discomfiture he met with last week, *will hold forth this afternoon*, at the Liberator room, 46 Washington street.

This was virtually calling upon the same "*patriotic citizens*" to try it again,—and so it was understood.

But the account of the transaction, is most insolent. Here are extracts:—

The Female Anti-Slavery Society, in mere BRAVADO, and in the very face and eyes of PUBLIC OPINION, attempted to hold another meeting, to be addressed by a number of gentlemen, *the notorious foreign vagabond, Geo. Thompson*, to be among the number. Before 3 o'clock, a multitude of people began to assemble in Washington street, in front of the Liberator office, and in the course of half an hour, there were as many as two or three thousand citizens peaceably congregated.

Peaceably indeed! But to proceed. These time-serving, truckling pseudo patriots (Heaven help the mark!) say that Garrison was "dragged from his hiding place, taken by the crowd into State street, with the avowed purpose of applying a coat of tar and feathers. The Mayor, however, assisted by a number of his friends, fearful of consequences, came to the rescue of the *poor devil* in the very nick of time,—had it been a minute later, no earthly power could have saved him; but just as he was opposite the south door of the City Hall, the Mayor made a rush, and not being violently opposed by the multitude, was fortunate enough to get him within the walls and close the doors, just in season to save him FROM A FATE HE WELL DESERVED, but which no one can contemplate without a shudder."

There is not *one word* of disapprobation in this wicked publication, but rather decided approval:

It was in fact a meeting of GENTLEMEN OF PROPERTY AND STANDING from all parts of the city, who were disposed, and still are determined, at all hazards, and "come what may," to preserve the peace of the city from all domestic incendiaries, as well as to protect the integrity of the Union against foreign interference.

A most charming way to "*preserve the peace of the city.*" The article is closed thus:—

We trust that Garrison and his deluded followers will learn a lesson from the events of yesterday afternoon that shall prove a benefit to them for the rest of their lives. It will not do for them to brow-beat public opinion in this way; "it cannot, nor it will not come to good." *This community will no longer* TOLERATE THEIR RASCALLY CONDUCT.

Shame! shame! shame!—our cheeks tingle with mortification.

The *second* paper on our black list is too small a concern, and too puerile for us to notice any farther than to give its name.

If this country is ultimately and totally ruined, it will be by the profligacy of the Press. Our fears are terrible.

"BOCK AGIN."—We are happy to announce, that our excellent brother, Rev. GERSHOM F. COX, has again assumed the reins, editorially, of the Maine Wesleyan Journal. Most cordially do we offer him the right hand of fellowship.

☞ After one or two more letters to Bishop Hopkins have been published, they will be materially SHORTER. We beg our readers, therefore, not to pass by the first without perusing it. They are written by a gentleman of high literary distinction.

UNFAIR.

A petition has recently been presented to the House from those who were tried for burning the Convent, and acquitted, praying for remuneration for damages sustained by imprisonment.

We trust it will be granted.

Upon the above, published in our paper a few weeks since, the editor of the Catholic Sentinel makes this very *Jesuitical* comment:—

"He now *hopes* that the State will pay a lawless mob for thus violating its most solemn laws—namely, the protection of life and property. Can that man be called a good citizen and a friend to social order, that could thus dare to *hope* that any government would pay for the violation of its laws?"

Now let any candid man compare this with that, and then say whether we expressed a hope that the State would pay a "*lawless mob*." It is evident that we wished those only who were pronounced *innocent*, remunerated for long confinement and personal pecuniary loss.

We wish again to say, what we have often said before, that we never did, and never shall approve the burning of the Convent. It was a dastardly act—unworthy of men—a disgrace to Boston, to Massachusetts, to New England. Is *this* enough, Mr. Pepper?

The following very serious charge we hesitated about publishing. It has been some time in our possession, and we have recently had an interview with the writer concerning it. After mature deliberation we have concluded to present it to our readers, with the hope that brother Sunderland is mistaken.

Dr. Reese, of course, will have the use of our columns, if he choose, to enter his denial of the charge.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM" *alias* "DAVID M. REESE."

BROTHER KINGSBURY—I think it is due to your readers as well as to myself, to inform them that the article in your paper of the 16th ult. signed "Audi Alteram Partem," was written, as I have sufficient evidence to prove, by "David M. Reese." Of this fact I was not aware when I wrote the remarks inserted in your last, as you will have perceived; but such is the character which it gives to the error committed in that article, that I think justice demands that your readers should know it.

How an honest man could write a communication concerning *himself*, commending and justifying his own writings, and condemning another in the severest terms, and then send this communication out to the public under a fictitious signature, to make it *appear* as though it were written by another person, I will not now stop to inquire. That article, it will have been observed, appears in the Herald as the judgment of a third person, upon the "style and character" of two articles published in the Quarterly Review by the person above named. Whereas, it is the opinion, (expressed in disguise,) of the very man himself, who wrote them!

Had the writer's "own name and professional title" been affixed to that article, I should not have deemed it worthy of a moment's notice; nor need I now attempt to show the reader, the injustice which it does to the person who wrote it, as well as to the author of the "Essay on Theological Education," censuring him as it does, as though it came from a third person, and not from the one who had already written *twice* against him in another periodical.

I will only add that David M. Reese has written of *himself* and his own writings, under a fictitious signature in this way, before, as I do know and can prove, if necessary. Now I appeal to you, Mr. Editor, and to every candid reader of your paper, to say, whether such a course of procedure, repeated as this has been, one time after another, does not deserve exposure, and the united reprobation of every honest intelligent man.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

Oct. 10, 1835.

AN INFIDEL ASSEMBLAGE.

"Once on a time," as the stories used to commence in the halcyon days of our childhood, we took it into our silly head to attend a religious Infidel meeting at Tammany Hall, New York. Tammany Hall, we would have you understand, beloved reader, is the rendezvous of all the black-guards of that great city, where lectures on moral science, alias Infidelity are delivered.

Well, it was announced that a young man was to lecture on *Camp-meetings*. We arrived early to mark the audience as they came in. One man staggered along and placed himself in the most delightful manner imaginable (i. e. to himself,) cheek by jowl with us. His breath—faugh! we must be excused from saying any thing about it. Soon came in some ladies—No, no, consider that word, which we cannot with our respect for the character, profane by the association, blotted out, and *women* substituted; we grudge even that. These were dressed at the extreme of the fashion. They entered laughing, and chattering. Then followed young men, swearing in a conversational tone, etc. There were present a very few decent ones.

The lecturer *was* a young man—too young for such a work. Scarcely nineteen summers, from his appearance, had passed over him. He attempted to describe a Camp-meeting which he attended. His language was too grossly indecent for us to publish. When he uttered anything that should have been peculiarly offensive to retiring delicacy, shouts of rapturous applause rang through the Hall. "Huzza,"—"Huz—hic—hic—za," bellowed our charming neighbor. "Go it my boy!" responded two or three others. "Ha, ha, ha," echoed the la—the—the—women.

Reader, did your curiosity ever induce you to walk through that filthy and vile purlieu of New York, called the Five Points? If you have you well know the peculiar effluvia constantly emitted from its rottenness. Well, we speak soberly and without one word of exaggeration, when we say that Tammany Hall, on the evening of our attendance, was filled with the same suffocating and noxious stench, thus giving a fair proof of the nature of its contents.

Melancholy and sick we hurried to our residence. Oh, how did we thank our heavenly Father that we were not one of them, and with what outbreaking praise did we anticipate the day—sung in prophetic song—when sin shall have no hiding-place on the earth!—when the trees shall clap their hands, and the clefts of the rocks shall shout aloud for joy!

☞ BRETHREN! do not forget *us*, while laboring for others. The Herald *must* be sustained, and will be, we honestly believe. We receive cheering indications of interest. One brother writes:—

I shall be able to send you a number of new subscribers soon. The people, this way, are much pleased with the fair and independent course of the Herald. They are getting tired of those newspapers, (called religious,) which, like the human nature of the new divinity, are destitute, or nearly so, of any moral character.

Down East.

Another says:—

The paper is liked, much, in this region. The friends of Jesus rejoice, that you have taken such a decided stand against Popery, Infidelity, Intemperance, and Universalism; but they hope, that Taylorism may have a rub now and then.

WHO IS FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE?

Every one who has been, is, or wishes to be, will please read the following, which we publish by request of Dr. Edwards. Some of our friends we are sure, from the facts related to us by them, can furnish very important answers to the questions embodied in the letter. The cause at this interesting crisis demands such statements.

DEAR SIR—A number of distinguished literary men, noted for great and successful efforts, have made known to the Committee of the American Temperance Society, that they have received special benefit by the entire abstinence from the use, as a beverage, of all intoxicating liquor. Wherever the experiment has been fairly made, the result, among all classes of persons, so far as is known to the Committee, has been uniformly and highly salutary. And it is thought, that should the results of the experience of a few hundred distinguished men in the various departments of life, be collected, and, in a permanent form, be put into the hand of each young man, especially in all Seminaries of Learning throughout the United States, it would be of unspeakable service to them and to the world. Many of them might be saved by it, from a premature grave, and the labors of others be rendered much more extensively and highly useful.

The Committee have therefore determined to address a number of gentlemen, who are known, or are supposed, to have abstained from the use, as a beverage, of intoxicating liquor, and ascertain from them the result of their experience on this subject. And if you, sir, will be so kind as to give them, as soon as convenient, the results of your experience and observation with regard to it, that it may be embodied with the results of the experience and observation of others, and put into the hands of the youth of our country, and thus extend their salutary influence to all future ages, you will greatly oblige the Committee, and, they believe, perform an important service to mankind.

Among other topics on which the Committee wish particularly for information, are the following: viz.

1. What in your case, has been the effect of abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquor, on health?
2. What has been the effect on the capability of making great and continued efforts of body and mind?
3. What has been the effect on the feelings, as to cheerfulness, uniformity, &c.? with any other particulars which may occur to you as important to be known by the human family.

Hoping to hear from you as soon as may be made convenient, I am, with great respect,

Yours, &c. JUSTIN EDWARDS,
Cor. Sec. Am. Temp. Soc.

P. S. If other persons of your acquaintance have been in the habit of abstaining from the use of the above-mentioned liquor, you will confer a favor by procuring the results of their experience and observation also, to be forwarded to the Committee.

As many persons, to whom the above letter may not be sent, may have made the experiment of abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquor, as a beverage, and may have found such abstinence to be eminently beneficial, editors of papers and periodicals who are friendly to the Temperance cause are requested to insert the above in their publications; and all persons who have become acquainted with important facts on the above mentioned subject, are requested to communicate them to the Committee.

THE STANDARD.—This is the name of an energetic little paper, devoted to the important and truly republican principles of Anti-Popery. We wish it success, but think the price is too high for the size. It is a *standard*, however, round which we hope the people of New England, to a man, will rally.

There is a most happily penned paragraph upon VANITY, in the closing part of the Letter to Bishop Hopkins, on our outside of this week, which we would recommend to all who are troubled with that disease.

We thank our brother, the Principal of the Newbury Seminary, for his interesting letter. May we not be allowed here to say to our readers in Vermont and New Hampshire—"whom not having seen, we love," for their work's sake—that this institution is altogether worthy their most hearty patronage?

NEWBURY SEMINARY, Oct. 17th, 1835.

To the Editor of Zion's Herald:

DEAR BROTHER—I promised you, when at Boston, that I would, at a convenient time, give you a little account of affairs connected with our Seminary. You are aware, that ours is what may be termed a preparatory school, belonging to the same class with the schools at Readfield, Wilbraham, and Cazenovia. We prepare young men for college; or, if they prefer a shorter course, we endeavor to lead them over the more important English studies in our colleges, and thus fit them, as well as we are able, for teachers, and such other professions as they may choose to adopt.

For a seminary of this class, probably, there is not a more noble foundation in the United States, than what is presented at Newbury. The Seminary building, as also the boarding-house and appurtenances, are elegant and ample, while their location is among the most delightful, perhaps, in the world. Nor have the Trustees of this Institution been mindful only of exteriors. A respectable chemical and philosophical apparatus is already provided, and very considerable additions, as well as the establishment of a library, are strongly contemplated. It is also anticipated, that the department of instruction shall be more full and complete than, as yet, it has ever been, so that, at our institution, the greatest possible advantages for an academical education may be enjoyed.

Our present number of students, male and female, is somewhat above 160; constituting as orderly, and as lovely a company of youth, as I ever saw. The whole number since the commencement of the school, (Sept 1834,) is about 350 A large proportion of our present students are young men;—not a few of them, young men of mind, who are contemplating a thorough course of study, and who, I doubt not, will make their influence felt in the world. Possibly, you may hereafter hear of their treading distant shores, bearing the trumpet of the missionary.

Our seminary associations, for the promotion of the missionary, the temperance cause, &c. are lively, interesting, and of much use. I am of opinion, that the great benevolent operations of the day should meet the special notice and co-operation of our literary institutions. Nor ought these important matters be left with the students exclusively. Let the teachers stand forth, and, if necessary, take the lead in the noble work. While many students are ready to take hold and do their utmost, let their instructors stand side by side with them, and the cause will triumph. And how vastly important, that students should have their attention directed towards these subjects, while pursuing the sciences! How much better prepared will they be for after usefulness!

But not to digress. You will permit me, my dear brother, to remark, before I close, how much I regret the great indifference which, I fear, still exists among many of our good Methodist people, towards their seminaries of learning. Our ministry, so far as I have observed, are wide awake on this subject; so also are many of our intelligent lay members. Cheering indeed it is, as they now and then visit us, to hear them express their interest in the welfare of this institution, and others under our influence. But, after all, I believe *the great body of the Church are asleep!* Oh, for a voice of thunder to wake them up! While dark and wily attempts are made to destroy this people;—while, among other hostile movements, Popery is straining, with all the remains of her shattered strength, to plant her schools among us for the gratuitous instruction of our children, and thus to win them to her hateful embrace,—while, I say, such efforts as these, and, vastly more, untold, are constantly made, thousands, and tens of thousands of our own beloved Israel are asleep! And, amid their slumbers, they dream not, alas, of any dark and dismal day ahead;—they dream not of garments rolled in blood; of freedom lost; their posterity enslaved; their country ruined!

The wakeful philanthropist will weep, now, while contemplating the viper slowly, yet surely, wreathing his loathsome folds around the devoted, but unconscious victim. If I mistake not, it is time we all awake throughout our widely extended Israel. We should rally around our institutions of learning and religion. We should push the victories of the cross, and urge on the march of intellectual improvement among our people. And while we labor, the motto should be,—*There is no temporal sacrifice too great for me to make, that my country—that the world may be saved!* Respectfully yours,

C. ADAMS.

JOHN NEAL.

This is one of the most comet-like thinkers and writers of the age. There is a commingling of masculine energy, of humor, of strong sense, of tremendous appeals, of overwhelming pathos, of highly-wrought eloquence, and of insufferable, childish nonsense, in his larger works that bewilders the reader, and at one moment causes him to imagine the author to be a man of majestic gravity, at another of irrepressible humor, at another a madman, at another a fool.

We had in turn ascribed to him all these opposites. Last Friday evening we went to the Temple, to hear him deliver an introductory lecture on Phrenology. Every word, every action was NEAL; and he is to us now, as much a riddle as before. He uttered some very fine thoughts, and some very logical, common-sense ones, and some very puerile ones. He attempted to answer the objections to the science, but we say distinctly, he *did—not—succeed.* In his main object he *entirely* failed; yet the lecture—wild in some things as it was—we would walk two miles to listen to again.

REVIVALS.

For some time past, we have had to mourn over the low state of Zion, in this Eastern country, almost universally. But God has graciously revived his work, in several places of late. Seventeen have found peace on this Circuit, within a few days, and there is an encouraging prospect of an extensive reformation.

Yours, &c. J. C. ASPENWALL.

Castine, Oct. 19th, 1835.

We have the dews of *Heaven* upon our labors. Lost sinners are turning to God. Our prayer is, that the whole *Earth* experience the salvation of our Emmanuel.

E. F. NEWELL.

Northbridge, Con., Oct. 9, 1835.

FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS!

The following very interesting, and truly missionary letter, from brother Shepard, we commend to the attention of our readers:—

Fort Vancouver, Columbia River, 45° 37′ North Latitude, 122° 39′ West Longitude,
10th January, 1835.

DEAR BROTHER—It is with heartfelt gratitude to our *Kind Preserver* and *Bountiful Benefactor*, that I, for the first time, address you from this distant land; and you will, undoubtedly, join me in aspirations of praise to Almighty God, when I tell you that "goodness and mercy" have followed us all through our long and dangerous journey, and even up to the present period. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

We arrived here on the 15th of September, in one hundred and forty days after leaving the upper settlements of Missouri. On our arrival, we were received in the most friendly manner by the governor, and gentlemen of the fort, who, till the present time, have remained sincere friends to us, and the cause in which we are engaged.

I have been engaged in a school, here, ever since our arrival, excepting about six weeks which I passed with the brethren at the mission establishment, assisting them in their labor, &c.

This school was commenced by Esq. Ball, (whose letters were published in the Herald last year,) about two years since, and is composed, principally, of half-breed children, collected about the fort, who, but for the advantage of instruction derived from their connection with the school, would be in little, if any, better situation than the natives themselves. Some of them have made very laudable improvement in reading, spelling, writing, English grammar; and a few of the most advanced are now studying, in addition to these, geography and mathematics. In addition to the day-school, I have one in the evening, composed of ten of my scholars, and two young men, one of whom has just commenced learning, and is making good progress. I have also had three Japanese under instruction, who were wrecked on the coast more than a year ago, and remained captives among the natives till released, about ten months since, by the captain of a vessel in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and brought to this place. They have now sailed for England, from whence they are to be returned to their native land. While in the school, they were remarkably studious, and made very rapid improvement.

I shall remain here, "if the Lord will," seven or eight weeks longer, and then join my brethren at the mission establishment, which is sixty miles from this, on the Willammitt. This selection has been made, after much reflection and fervent prayer. It has been found by observation, that, in order effectually to benefit the rising generation among the natives, a location must be made, where a large school can be supported by the produce of the soil; and the place which has been selected appears to be the most favorable, for that purpose, of any we have yet discovered. From this place, we trust the mission will hereafter be extended to other places, and much good be done among the poor natives in the name of Jesus. Their situation is truly wretched in the extreme, and loudly calls for sympathy from the Christian world.

The brethren have succeeded in erecting a log-house, thirty-two feet long, by eighteen wide, and a story and a half high. The brother Lees have put both side and shoulder to the wheel, and have labored unremittingly, in rain and sunshine, to advance the work of building the house, ploughing the ground, getting out fencing stuff, &c. &c. For five or six of the first weeks after commencing the house, there was almost constant rain; during this, they labored each day, and, at night, had no other shelter than a small tent of cotton cloth. All these, and many more inconveniences, they have submitted to with cheerfulness, and endured without a murmur, or even repining at their lot, although it were a severe one—fully proving to me, that the love of Christ constraineth them. This course of labor must, necessarily, continue through the present and succeeding year; and I earnestly long to have the time arrive when I shall be permitted, in the order of Divine Providence, to unite with them in performing my share of labor; but as it was thought by the brethren, that it would better advance the interests of the mission for me to tarry here this winter, I cheerfully submit. The special providence of God has, already, seemed to throw upon our care three poor Flat-head orphans; one, a lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age, who is quite serviceable in several ways. The other two are apparently about seven years of age; one is sister to the above-mentioned lad, and they are the only survivors of the family to which they belonged; to this girl we have given the name of LUCY HEDDING. The other is a very flat-headed boy, and has neither parent, brother, nor sister. He came one day to the mission-house, and, in the most imploring manner, asked, in Indian, and by signs, to stay and live with us; and though food will naturally be rather scarce with us for the present, yet such importunities cannot be turned away. Providence, we trust, will provide means of support till we can raise something to subsist on. These children came to us almost naked, in a very filthy state, and covered with vermin. The girl had no other covering than a small piece of deerskin over her shoulders, and a deep fringe of the same material tied round her waist. I made her a gown, (*though not a very fashionable one,*) from some pieces of tow-cloth, which had been used for baling our goods; and J. LEE cleansed them from their vermin, so that they do not now appear like the same children they were when they first came.

The ague and fever have carried off numbers of the Indian population in this vicinity, and there are many poor destitute orphans, that have none to take care of them, whom we shall endeavor to gather in as soon as circumstances will permit.

We wish you, through the medium of your excellent paper, to recommend to the female members of the church in New England, to form Dorcas societies, for the purpose of making clothing for these destitute orphan children, and such other Indian children as may, from time to time, be placed under our care; and you will please to recommend and urge this upon them, as one of the first objects of Christian charity and philanthropic benevolence. We also request you, through the same medium, to inform our friends, that donations of books, of every description, that are useful, will be very valuable to the mission; such as Murray's Grammar, Alger's Pronouncing Testament, and Murray's Pronouncing Introduction and Reader by the same author, Dictionaries, Arithmetics, Spelling-Books, all sorts of Juvenile books, slates, &c. will be received with gratitude, and be invaluable here.

I think most, if not all, the books mentioned, may be collected without much trouble, were some person appointed to make a collection in each society, as such books have either passed out of use in different families, or have been superseded by others, and, in this way, those who are wishing to do all the good they can, will have an opportunity of turning their useless books to a very good account. Books of philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, rhetoric, &c. will also be highly acceptable. To the above-mentioned objects we would, most earnestly and affectionately, invite the attention of our Christian brethren and sisters, and trust our entreaty will not be in vain. We do not beg for ourselves; far be this from us. We have learned contentment in our present situation, and hope to remain faithful until death. But we do beg *for the suffering and the destitute.* And shall the voice of humanity plead in vain?

But we *have* one or two requests to make in our own behalf. First, we earnestly request a special interest in the prayers of Christians; and, secondly, we request letters from them every opportunity that may occur of sending, also the back numbers of Zion's Herald, say the numbers since March last, and the Minutes of the Annual Conferences.

In respect to letters, we only request our friends to do by us as they would wish to be done by, were they in our isolated situation. In order to facilitate these objects, a person should be appointed, in Boston, to take charge of letters, or other articles, and forward them, to the mission, in some vessel sailing to OAHU, one of the Sandwich islands, to be left there in the care of GEORGE PELBY, ESQ. These packages should be addressed to "JASON LEE," and directed to the "Care of John M'Laughlin, Esq., Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company, Fort Vancouver, Columbia River." This gentleman has kindly offered to have any thing, that may be sent, carefully forwarded to the Fort by the company's vessels, which touch at OAHU almost every month. You will please to give notice, in your paper, to our friends where they may leave letters, books, and other articles. Brother Lee preached, at this Fort, on Sabbath, 28th September, which were the two first sermons ever preached in this region, west of the Rocky Mountains. He also preached here again, on the 14th of December, at which time he baptized four women, and fifteen children. This was a solemn, interesting, and profitable season. The people of the fort are, mostly, attached to the Church of England, and it was the wives and children of such, that were baptized; also some orphan children, belonging to the school. Among the women, baptized; was Governor M'Laughlin's wife. One of the brothers Lee preaches, every Sabbath, at the house of a Frenchman, by the name of Jerveys, who lives a few miles from the mission-house. He is, by profession, a Roman Catholic. There are generally present from thirty to forty hearers. During the forty-five Sabbaths which have passed since I left Massachusetts, I have not had the privilege of hearing more than ten sermons. I have, however, found it good to trust in God, and endeavor to do his will. I thank him, that I have been permitted to come to this land, and hope to be useful in my sphere of action. Brother L. joins me in love to you and Christian friends.

Yours, in the bonds of Christ,
CYRUS SHEPARD.

We need only publish the fact, that so great is the demand for clothing, that our missionary brethren have to make dresses for the girls, to have Dorcas societies formed throughout New England. We should be doing injustice to the ready benevolence, and kindly feelings of the ladies, to urge the matter. As fast as such associations are formed, may we receive the requisite information?

All letters, packages, &c. for these brethren, may be addressed to our care, and sent to the Herald Office. Or, if more convenient, we presume they can be sent to the Parent Missionary Society, New-York.

Those, in the vicinity of Lynn, we are authorized to say, can leave Books, &c. with Mr. JAMES MUDGE, Franklin street, in that town.

A GRAVE MATTER.

A report has been going the rounds of the papers that George Thompson, the Anti-Slavery Lecturer from England, declared in conversation at Andover, that "every slave should be taught to cut his master's throat." We, at the time, considered this as an idle story, and let it pass by without notice. Mr. T. however, in the Atlas, denied the charge. In consequence, a Mr. Kaufman, residing in Andover, has certified that Mr. Thompson *did* use the expression in his presence. Mr. Kaufman is a licentiate of the Andover Theological Seminary, and receives the unqualified approbation of the Professors as a man of high literary standing and veracity.

Thus the affair stands for the present.

Daniel Messenger and others have remonstrated to the City Authorities against the erection of a Circus on the ground lately occupied by the Lion Tavern.

ABSOLUTE PERFECTIONISM.

This Destroyer of the Churches of Jesus, this monstrous concentration of wickedness, in the garb of sanctity, is yet dashing on like a tornado.

We shall give a few extracts from the standard paper, recently received, in order to keep our readers on their guard:—

The writer of this article is convinced, (and, through this medium, expresses his conviction,) that all Sects, Missionary Societies, Tract Societies, Sunday School So-

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cieties, Bible Societies, Temperance Societies, Theological Colleges, and salaried Preachers,—together with all stated times and places for what is called "Divine Worship," are all founded and carried on in human policy, are deceptive in their nature, and that God, who "*will not give his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images*," (or human inventions,) is about to arise in the majesty of his power, to sweep away the WHOLE as the "refuge of *lies*," spoken of in the twenty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, and to subdue all things to his own rule and authority.

* * * * * *

We shall, probably, move in somewhat different, yet not in opposite channels, as the conductors of both papers are perfectly agreed in their views of the great distinguishing features of pure and perfect Christianity, and also of the unutterably loathsome Anti-Christianity which prevails in all the carrion-sects of carnal Christendom, alias, refined Heathenism.

* * * * *

The Lord himself has become my teacher; I submit to no human teachers. They are all, to me, physicians of no value. I have received Christ for my wisdom, by whom I know assuredly, that nothing relating to the kingdom stands, at all, in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God.

Not only is opposition to Churches and benevolent societies manifested, but to all existing POLITICAL GOVERNMENTS. They take the ground, until now, advocated alone by Infidels:—

We deny, that man has any right, either inherent or derived, to take the government or protection of himself, by legal statute or penalty, or by physical force, into his own hands; that he has any right to ENACT LAWS, either for his own government, or for the government of others.

* * * * * *

He has none *as a member of a family; as the inhabitant of a town, county, state*, or *nation*; hence, cannot *delegate* any such rights to others, called legislators, magistrates, judges, sheriffs, &c.

We have other extracts in our possession, but let these suffice. Surely these are fearful times—fearful, fearful.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR PREACHER.

Now, pray don't forget it, brethren. Cold weather, with its dread accompaniments of suffering, is approaching rapidly. Our fingers can testify to this as we write. Your preacher will want fuel, clothing, &c. &c.

Pay him, then, for his services, and liberally. Do not sit down and calculate how much he can *manage* to get along with, but how much he should have to produce comfort and gladness, and elevate him above secular anxieties.

SINGING SCHOOLS.—We advise all our friends who wish to acquire a knowledge of Sacred Music, to attend one of the Singing Schools taught by Mr. Wm. C. Brown, at the vestries of the Bennett St. and Church St. Churches. His terms are very moderate—within the means of every one. His talents as a teacher are of the first order, and the urbanity of his manner and the melody of his voice, are well calculated to render his instruction pleasant and profitable. The first teachers in this city have borne ample testimony to his qualifications as an instructor.

SOMETHING VALUABLE.—A gentleman of this city is about presenting to the public a new weekly, to be called the "LIBRARY OF HISTORY," to be splendidly executed. It will contain, consecutively, the standard historical works from Herodotus to the present period, together with two neatly finished portraits of historians in the course of the year.

We would most cordially recommend to public patronage this enterprise. The subscription price will be $5 per year. For this you would have 1248 octavo pages, *making* two beautiful volumes.

MORE FROM BROTHER SHEPARD.

Since the letter on our first inside page was set up, we have been favored with the perusal of one to Capt. Jones, of Weston. From it, we are kindly permitted to make the following extracts:—

We became so accustomed to our manner of journeying and camping out, that we could sleep equally well, whether in a tent, under a tree, or in the open air. At one time, brothers Lee, a Mr. Abbot, and myself, were behind the rest of the company, with the cattle, and, in this situation, were overtaken by the shades of night, and even by thick darkness, which was only, now and then, enlightened by flashes of lightning from the black clouds with which the heavens were overcast, portending approaching rain. We were now in the heart of the Blackfoot country, the most hostile and treacherous of Indians. Here we quietly laid us down and slept in peace, awaking only once during the night, when the rain disturbed us by falling in our faces; for which inconvenience we soon found a remedy by drawing the blanket over our heads.

The following is dated January 23d, being several days later than any other we have seen:—

The season here has been very mild; no snow, and little frost, but a great deal of rain, and the nights are particularly chilly and disagreeable. The rainy season commences in October, and continues, with a few clear intervals, till March; after which, I am told, the weather is quite serene and agreeable.

* * * * * *

Do you inquire, whether I should like to be back in the States? I answer, *No!* Dear as are the charms of home, valuable as are the privileges which are to be enjoyed in the land of my nativity, and superlatively dear as is the society of my numerous Christian friends and acquaintances, I cheerfully resign them all, and wish to live and die in this blessed cause. My days on earth are probably few. O, that they may all be spent to the glory of God, and the good of my fellow creatures.

THE CHINA MISSION.

A long continued drought, as is learned by late advices, in China, has terribly frightened the inhabitants. Instead of praying to that God, whose is the rain, the official authority issued this most silly proclamation:—

Now the heavens, for a long time, have not sent down rain; drought is complete; prayer and supplication are without effect, and all hearts are dried up with a burning grief. Within the boundaries of Kwang fung, is there not an extraordinary man, one wonderful scholar, able to drive away the dragon, and bring rain down from heaven?—Therefore, I proclaim to all within the province, military, people, and others, for their full information, that it will not be discussed whence he came, or whether he is of the *feathered caps*, (Taou sect,) or *dark silks*, (Budhists,) should he be able, by the powerful use of his magical arts, to cause the sweet and fructifying showers of heaven to descend; and I, the *Kwang chow foo*, with all due ceremonies, will request him to ascend the altar, and will offer to him sincere worship and prayers; after rain has been obtained, votive tablets will be abundantly offered to publish and illustrate his praise. Hasten, then, to the summons; lose not the accepted time. A special edict.

Shall not China be saved?—Shall it not? Ye liberal ones, into whose lap a good Providence has poured the gold and silver, here is a field, where your love for Zion may be fully manifested.

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

There are but few men more fitted to charm a public audience, and *intoxicate* them—a grave charge to make against a temperance lecturer—with his eloquence than Mr. Sargent. Were it not for a slight thickness in his speech he would be an almost unequalled orator. That however is not a serious injury—some have considered it rather an advantage. But be it as it may, let those who never heard him attend the first opportunity, and we will promise that they will yield breathless attention. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Journal, who attended the late Temperance Convention held in this city, thus speaks of this distinguished gentleman:—

"Mr. Sargent is, decidedly, the best *popular* orator I heard at the convention, not excepting the admirable secretary of the American Society, with his clear and penetrating mind, and giant powers. The style of Mr. Sargent is lucid, chaste and vigorous. In his elocution, he is deliberate without monotony, graceful without feebleness. The sincerity and directness of his manner brings his reasoning home to the consciences of his hearers. In urging the resolution which he presented, his object was to persuade to an abandonment of all intoxicating liquors—wine, beer, cider—as a drink. With the use of any of these as a medicine, or with the use of wine in the holy communion, he said he had nothing to do. His speech, written with care, and with an extemporaneous manner delivered *memoriter*, produced a strong impression on the immense audience which listened to it."

MOB LAW AGAIN TRIUMPHANT.

We learn by the New York papers, that the Convention notified to assemble at Utica, for the purpose of forming a State Anti-Slavery Society, met at that place on Wednesday last. The Second Presbyterian Church was tendered to them, and they organized and adopted a Constitution. A large body of people mean time assembled, at another place, passed some resolutions requiring the instant dissolution of the Convention, and with a judge of the county court and a member of congress at their head, proceeded to the church, stove down the doors, and demanded a hearing. Mr. Beardsley, the member of congress, then demanded an immediate answer to the requisition. The Convention requested time to deliberate, but it was refused, and the mob beginning to be clamorous, and to ring the bell, bring up their fire hooks, and destroy the windows of the church, the president adjourned the meeting.

In the mean time, Gerritt Smith, Esq. of Peterboro', rose and remarked that, although not a member of the convention, he begged leave to suggest an adjournment to Peterboro', where he would guarantee a kind reception, and a place to hold its deliberations.

According to some accounts, his invitation was accepted, and a number of stages, loaded with delegates, started for the place, about thirty-five miles distant. Others say, the Convention adjourned to Whiteborough, four miles from Utica. We believe the first account is correct.

Some of the papers say, "there was no mob." Oh, no; but there was "*a great excitement*."

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR FRIENDS—Honored are we at having a legitimate right to apply this heart-warming title to most, if not all, of you. We thank you for the past, and beg a remembrance for the future. Many of your communications are now on hand, and, as we cannot see you face to face, and tell you what we think of them, we will do it here. If we do not publish them all, we are sure of still retaining your kind feelings. Ofttimes circumstances, aside from the demerit of the composition, may assist us in deciding.

ANTI-LYNCH is just right, and *may* appear next week.

"*Holiness*," by Rev. J. C. Aspenwall, is *very* good, and, of course, will be published.

The beautiful extract, forwarded by our excellent brother HORTON, is on its way way to the printing office.

"*What I don't like*," by and by. We wish, however, the writer had selected some other caption, as that is about *worn out*. However, the rebukes are well-timed.

Brother Smith will perceive, by our outside, that another writer has expressed his views exactly.

"*The Scripture Argument*," we must think over a few weeks.

"*Do good to others*" is a string of truisms. Our dear friend who wrote it, will not be offended with us, we are sure, for saying so.

Will "*A Subscriber*" call upon us? We'll *talk* that matter over, if he pleases. We cannot yield yet.

We are asked frequently, what has become of your *correspondent at Bangor?* Really, we cannot tell; but hope, for a special reason which shall be nameless, that he hasn't walked into the Penobscot, while star-gazing.

Yours truly.

TRIAL FOR PIRACY.—The trial of John Battiste for piracy by being engaged in the slave-trade, took place in this city on Friday and Saturday last. The defence set up was that the slaves were carried as passengers from one port on the coast of Africa to another, both being under the Portuguese jurisdiction where slavery is legalized. He received a verdict of acquittal.

Indictments are now pending against Battiste and the captain, Miller, for a misdemeanor, in carrying slaves from one foreign port to another. The following is the passage of the law under which they are indicted:

"That it shall be unlawful for any citizen of the United States, or other persons residing therein, to serve on board any vessel of the United States, employed or made use of, in the transportation, or conveying of slaves, from one foreign country or place to another, &c. under penalty of a fine not exceeding $2000, and imprisonment not exceeding two years."

We are requested to correct a statement that appeared in our paper some time since, of the drowning of a son of Mr. Caleb Dyer. It was a son of Mr. Freeman Dyer.

Chapter of News.

About half past 12 'clock on Friday morning, fire was discovered in a large two story wooden house, occupied by eighteen Irish families, consisting of 120 members. The fire was the work of incendiaries, and two persons accused were taken from their beds at South Boston, same morning, on information given to the Chief Engineer by a third person. It is said that the two made proposals to the third person to join them, and he seemingly complied, saw them apply the match, and then gave the information. They were examined before the Police Court, and fully committed to take their trial at the Supreme Court, in November. Their names are Stephen Russell and Simeon L. Crocket. The house being inhabited, the punishment for their offence, if found guilty, is death.

Stephen Russell, one of the men now confined in the Leverett Street Jail, on a charge of having set fire to the dwelling house in South Street Place, on Saturday afternoon confessed to the Chief Engineer, Mr. Hammond, says the Journal, that he, in company with a man named Thomas Tisdale, a graduate of the State Prison, were the individuals who broke open Mr. Hutchinson's store in Purchase street, on the 13th of August last, and that Tisdale set it on fire. Tisdale was forthwith arrested, and goods were found in his house, which Mr. Hutchinson recognized as his own property.

On Wednesday last, a man named Ambrose Cole, a copper-plate printer, was arraigned at the Police Court, for cruelly beating an orphan lad in his employ, only nine years of age, for *accidentally spilling some oil in the street, and overturning his tea cup at the table*. On examining the boy, one hundred and fifty-one stripes were found on his back, sides and legs! The wretch was ordered to recognize in the sum of $500, and for want thereof was committed.

We learn that as Rev. Hosea Ballou was passing through Cornhill, on Wednesday morning last, he was assaulted by a man named John F. Myers, who struck him in the face, wounding his lip badly, and knocking him off the sidewalk. He was arrested, examined, and, in default of bail, committed to await his trial at the Municipal Court. Myers is by trade a printer, which business he relinquished, and officiated for a while as a Universalist clergyman; but being disappointed in his new career, he left the sacred desk, and returned to his trade, which he pursued very industriously, until he engaged in the dry goods business. His conduct, for three or four years past, has induced his friends to believe that his mind is affected by morbid insanity. When in the ministry, Mr. Ballou advised him to leave it, not approving of his deportment as a clergyman.

The mail is now transported between Philadelphia and Boston in thirty-six hours. Eighty years ago, it is said, it required twenty-one days. So much for internal improvements.

Dr. Benj. Shurtleff, of this city, has made a donation of $10,000 to assist in establishing a Baptist Seminary at Alton, Illinois. The same amount has also been contributed by other generous individuals in this city, making the sum of $20,000.

A writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser, speaking of Schenectady, says the orthography of its name is a contraction of the Indian *Scagh-nack-taa-dah*, and was originally applied by them to the site of Albany, the meaning of it being, *beyond the pine plain*.

The Lowell Theatre, erected about two years since, is being converted into a church.

The editor of the Philadelphia Gazette acknowledges the receipt of a small lock of Gen. Washington's hair, as a present, which he considers almost worth its weight in diamonds. He adds: "The texture is remarkably fine, and it is almost as soft as silk. A part of the same lock was placed in the hands of a gentleman about to sail for England, with directions to cause it, on his earliest arrival there, to be set in a breast-pin, at a cost of fifty dollars to the donor, and to be handed to Lord John Russell, as a present from an American citizen, who admires his political course."

An English gentleman, now deceased, has bequeathed the sum of £200,000 (near a million dollars!) for the endowment of a college, to be located at Washington. It is supposed that the President will make a communication to Congress on the subject, early in the next session. The name of the donor is not given. It is stated that the legacy was first bequeathed to the only son of the testator, and in case of his death, which event has taken place, to the United States, for the object above stated.

It will be recollected that two or three men were arrested in Bangor, a short time since, on suspicion of having murdered a man named Perry, and that one of them by the name of Legg, was recommitted, after examination before a justice. The last Skowhegan Sentinel states that Perry passed through that county the preceding week, on his return from Boston, where he says he found himself, without any knowledge whatever of the manner in which he got there. His head and body were somewhat bruised, but he could not give any account of the time or place at which it was done. There seems to be some mystery about the business.

A letter from New Orleans, received at New York, mentions that another instance of punishment, under the sentence of a Lynch court, had been inflicted in that city upon a physician, who was first severely flogged, and then had one of his ears cut off!

Mr. George Robinson, a highly respectable citizen of Arkansas, while travelling in his wagon between Memphis and Little Rock, was murdered and robbed of $1000, by a young man with whom he fell in company at Memphis. They left the wagon near Blackfish Lake, with the intention of reaching St. Frances river in advance of it. On their way, the young man murdered Mr. Robinson, threw him behind a log, and covered the corpse with brush. The murderer, James C. Johnson, was apprehended and brought back to the spot where the crime was committed. He here confessed before about fifty persons assembled, and expressed a desire to be executed forthwith, which request was immediately complied with; after which his body was flung behind the same log where the victim was found.

In consequence of information received at the Police Office in New York, two officers were sent to Savannah, who have recovered $69,700 of the money which was stolen from the Bank of Darien, some months since.

A young man named Thomas Pike *alias* Thomas White, jr., a native of Charlestown, Mass., has been committed to prison in New York, charged with embezzling property to the amount of upwards of $7000, belonging to Mr. Enoch Hyde, a merchant of New Orleans, by whom he had been employed as a clerk.

The Mormonites are increasing in Ohio. Joe Smith, their leader, has had a stone building erected on the shores of Lake Erie, which he denominates the "Temple of the Lord."

It has recently been decided in New York, that railroad and steamboat companies are responsible for the safe transmission of baggage, notwithstanding their advertisements that it is "at the risk of the owners."

Dr. Skinner, of Andover, has received and accepted a call to become pastor of Laight street church, New York. Dr. Cox was their former pastor.

The organization of the City Guard of Baltimore, in other words a military police or gendarmerie, is, we perceive by the American of that city, nearly complete. All the twelve Wards but two, have furnished their quota. It will be very efficient, consisting of two regiments of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two companies of artillery with six pounders. The members are citizens of property and character. We deplore the necessity of such a body; but we see no way to avoid it, or there is an end to government, peace, and order in all our cities and large towns.

The Government of Malta has contracted to be furnished with American Ice, at a price equal to four cents for one pound and three quarters English. The supply will be the first year, doubtless, limited. The Pasha of Egypt has also contracted, with a House in that City, to be suppled with Ice from Boston.

There are three Colleges in Louisiana, and it is proposed to establish elementary or primary schools, in every parish, a college in each congressional district, and a university for the whole State.

The Pennsylvania election for Governor resulted in the choice of Joseph Ritner, the Whig and Antimasonic candidate, by a large majority.

A treaty of amity has been concluded between the United States and the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Osages, Senecas and Quapaws, and the Commissioners have returned to Fort Gibson.

It has been decided in the Supreme Court of Maine, that masters are liable for damages, if they employ or harbor apprentices (whether bound or not) who have left their employers without good and sufficient cause.

The Legislature of Tennessee met at Nashville on the 10th inst. Judge White has been unanimously re-elected United States Senator.

Within the last fifty years, it is said, probably more than twelve million copies of Webster's Spelling Book have been absolutely and actually "used up" by the children and youth.

Eighteen houses were recently destroyed by fire, at Huntsville, Alabama.

The St. Louis Herald, of the 6th instant, says,—"On Sunday night last the steamboat Heroine, on her passage from the mouth of the Ohio River to this place, collapsed one of her boilers, by which three of her deck hands were blown overboard, the engineer killed instantly, and three badly scalded, one of whom has since died."

Among the curiosities at Apsley House, is the truckle bed in which the Duke of Wellington sleeps. "Why is it so narrow?" exclaimed a friend; "there is not even room to turn in it!" "Turn in it!" cried his Grace, "when once a man begins to turn in his bed, it is time to turn out."

A young mechanic of Woburn, Mass., has invented a machine for pegging boots by water. The machine is a very neat piece of work, and is said by good judges to be a superior invention.

The population of the city of N. York is about 264,000.

The Detroit Journal of the 8th inst. says: "By a register kept at the polls, a majority of the votes polled in this city, at the late election, were the votes of British and German subjects. Many American citizens were so deeply disgusted, that they would not vote. It seems to be the settled construction of the instrument called the Constitution of Michigan, that the subjects of European states are to have the same voice in constituting the proposed State Government, the Representatives in Congress, and indirectly the Senators of the United States, as American citizens. What will the people of the United States say to this?"

Accounts from Spain state that a severe skirmish took place on the 11th Sept. near Bilboa, in which the Queen's troops were defeated. The affairs of that unhappy country are in a wretched state. All order is broken up, and the troops being mostly drawn off to carry on the war in the north, the southern provinces are overrun with banditti, and subject to the horror and confusion of anarchy and misrule.

Don Carlos has appointed the most holy Virgin generalisimo of his troops, and has ordered that the royal standard bearing her image shall receive the same honors and salutes as are rendered to the holy sacrament. He still adheres to his determination of putting to death all foreigners who fall into his hands.

The whole country is in a state of revolution, and no one can get into, or what is more important to me, *out* of it, in safety.

In Valencia, and Murcia, they have dissolved their connection with this government, and appointed provisionary Juntas. In Arragon, they have done the same, and Don Carlos has passed the Ebro, and is in old Castilia. In Barcelona, they have cut up the Captain General in pieces, and burned him to ashes, killed all the Monks, and appropriated their property.

The Diligences are plundered at noon, in sight of towns and villages; the only safe conveyance in all Spain, at present, is to carry with the Diligence, the head robber, De Acquilla Provincia, and whenever he fancies, that there is a very *valuable* cargo, he suffers it to be robbed, and says it was not by his hand.

The other day they fell in with a Diligence in which one of the Rothschilds was travelling, under another name, and having secured his watch, which cost him fifty guineas, and an unusual number of doubloons, they were so delighted that they insisted that the passengers should dine with them, and after giving them a good dinner, and a part of their clothes, they took leave in a most *friendly* manner.

A countryman of ours, who attempted to make his way from Seville to France, did not fare so well. They took every thing but his shirt and drawers, before he reached Madrid. The clothes he purchased here, were taken from him near Burgos and he was taken into the woods to be shot, as *an Ingles*, but let off upon his solemn asseverations that he was an "Americano del Norte."

Notices.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

BENNETT STREET.
Public Prayer Meeting on Wednesday Evenings.

BROMFIELD STREET.
Public Prayer Meetings, Sunday and Friday evenings.
Bible Class, Thursday evenings.—All in the Vestry, as the House is now undergoing repair.

CHURCH STREET.
Prayer Meeting, Thursday and Sunday evenings, and Sunday mornings at 6 o'clock.
Singing School, Wednesday evenings.
Bible Class, Friday evenings.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL, NORTH SQUARE.
Public Prayer Meetings, on Monday and Thursday evenings.

FOUR DAYS MEETINGS.

A Four Days Meeting will commence at Framingham, Mass., on Tuesday, Dec. 1. Brethren in the ministry are requested to attend.

P. SABIN,
R. BOWEN.

Oct. 26, 1835.

MARLBOROUGH, MASS., Nov. 3.
SAUGUS, MASS., Nov. 3.
FALMOUTH, MASS., Nov. 3.
CANTERBURY, CONN., Nov. 11.
AMHERST, N. H., Nov. 18.

COMMUNICATIONS.

C. E. Shuff—F. Dane—R. W. Allen—R. Huntley—J. O. Dean, jr. (B. P. has paid to June next)—A. B. Merrick—N. Smith—P. Wentworth—C. Shepard—Three—A Methodist—A. Harris—J. S. Ellis—E. Hitchcock—P. Blackburn—J. Mooney—J. Steele—S. Phillips—L. D. Blodgett—L. Bates—J. Horton—D. S. King—Samech.

Married.

In this city, Mr. Lewis H. Morris to Miss Caroline Ware, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Sam'l Morse.—Mr. Joseph W. Tilden to Miss Malinda Goss.—Mr. Elijah P. Clark to Miss Sarah Ann Wilby.—By Rev. J. Hamilton, Mr. Henry H. Bishop to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Seaward.

In Roxbury, Mr. Joseph H. Billings to Miss Sarah Keith.

In Woburn, Mr. Caleb French, of W. to Miss Caroline C. Colson, of Bath, Me.

In Scituate, Mr. Joshua Converse, of Waltham, to Miss Jane B. Damon of S.

In Warren, N. H., Mr. Ezra W. Kyes to Miss Julianne Clough, both of Warren.

Died.

In this city, Mr. Charles R. Ellis, 37.—Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, 91½.—Mr. James Stoke, 34.—Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. John Simonds, 53.—Mr. Richard M. Ward, formerly of Salem, 23. [Whole number of deaths in this city last week, 42.]

In Charlestown, Mrs. Sarah Hunnewell, 73.

In Milton, Mrs. Rebecca Billings, 78.

In Southboro', Mr. Gilbert A. Champney, of Boston, 27.

In Billerica, Mrs. Sarah Richardson, 76.

In Westboro', Mr. Daniel Holbrook, jr, 43.

In Marlborough, Mr. Moses Woodward, 64.

On board ship Gen. Jackson, of Bristol, R. I., Mr. John A. Bates, son of Rev. Lewis Bates, aged 25, on the passage home from the Pacific Ocean.

In Salem, N. H., 14th inst., La Roy, only son of Rev. La Roy and Mrs. Mehitable Sunderland, five weeks and two days.

Ship News.

PORT OF BOSTON.

MONDAY, October 19.

Arrived, ship Timor, Canton 12th Lintin 16th May—Bark Tasso, Gottenburg Sept 8—Brig Cedric, Rio Grande Aug 29—Schr Joshua Sears, Hartford—Sloop Pomona, New Bedford.

Cleared, ship Grand Turk, East Indies—Brig Leader, Pernambuco and a market—Schrs Thomas, Bangor; Jasper, Bath; Herald, Hallowell—Sloop Gipsey, Wareham.

TUESDAY, October 20.

Arrived, ships Paugus, Liverpool 1st ult; Xylon, do 6th; Argo, do 7th ult—Brig Arcturus, Cronstadt Aug 28, Elsineur 5th ult—Mail packet schr Lady Ogle, Halifax 12th inst. with the Sept. Falmouth mail—Schr Boston, E. Machias; and six from New York—Sloop Dirigo, Lubec.

Cleared, brigs Banian, Smyrna; Dico, Rio Janeiro via Calais; Cordelia, Halifax; Scio, Newburyport—Schrs Cordova, Malta; Frank, Norwich; Ivanhoe, Newburyport.

WEDNESDAY, October 21.

Arrived, schrs Despatch, and Delight in Peace, Providence; Nun, Newburyport—Sloop Packet, Salem.

Cleared, brigs Franklin, Gibraltar and a market—Schrs Pocasset, Port au Prince; Mary, Hartford; William, New Bedford, Eliza & Nancy, and Socrates, Fall River—Sloops Trader, Wareham; Boston Packet, Portsmouth.

THURSDAY, October 22.

Arrived, ship Talma, Stockholm 6th Elsineur 11th ult.—Brigs Waverly, Cronstadt Aug 30, Elsineur 9th ult.; Architect, 8 days from Portland for Trinidad—Schr Mary Elizabeth, Eastport.

Cleared, ship Georgia, East Indies—Schr Packet, Saco—Sloop Juventa, Kingston.

FRIDAY, October 23.

Arrived, brig Colombo, Malaga 10th ult—Schr Post Boy, Truro.

Cleared, schr Satellite, Dover.

SATURDAY, October 24.

Arrived, brig Dover, Pillau 2d Elsineur 5th ult—Schr Dover Packet, Dover—Sloop Patmos, Hartford.

Cleared, ship Margaret Scott, Portsmouth—Bark Mary Frazier, East Indies—Brigs Rolla, Havana; Argali, Gonaives—Schrs Mechanic, St. Croix; Counsellor, Port au Prince; Capital, and Clifford, Plymouth; Augusta Jane, Portsmouth; Post Boy, and Liberty, Augusta; Echo, Portland; Comet, Bath; Nun, Newburyport—Sloops Nantucket, and Julia Ann, Nantucket; Henry, Falmouth; Lucy & Lydia, Brunswick; Splendid, Augusta; Fame, Hallowell.

SUNDAY, October 25.

Arrived, ship Pactolus, Liverpool via Portsmouth—Bark Manto, Cronstadt 10th and Elsineur 16th ult—Brigs Criterion, Malaga 10th Gibraltar 13th ult; Cyprus, do 6th ult; Satisfaction, Bristol, Eng. do; Tigris, Salem—Schrs Boundary, Eastport; Madawaska, and Albion, Bangor; Comet, Belfast; Romp, Thomaston; Wm Tell, Stratford, and Voluscia, Dover; Register, and Mary Jane, Rye; Planter, Mary Gay, Lydia, Merchant, and Hylas, Portsmouth; Milledgeville, Paragon, Exeter, Everlina, and Frances, Portland; Banner, Hallowell; Echo, and Sally, Saco; Sidney, Augusta; Yankee, Bath.

Boston Prices Current.

APPLES, Baldwins, per bbl.	from $2.50	to 3.00
BEANS, white, per bushel,	1.25	2.00
BEEF, mess, bbl.	11.50	12.00
cargo, No. 1,	8 50	9.00
prime,	7 50	8.00
BEESWAX, American, lb.	22	24
BUTTER, inspected, No. 1, lb.	16	20
CHEESE, new milk, lb.	8	9
FEATHERS, northern, geese, lb.	46	50
southern, geese,	42	44
FLAX, American, lb.	9	10
FLAXSEED, bushel,	1.25	1.37
FLOUR, Genesee, bbl.	6.10	6.25
Baltimore, Howard street,	6.37	6.62
Baltimore, wharf,	6.75	6.87
Alexandria,	6.25	6.37
GRAIN, Corn, northern yellow, per bushel,	1.00	1.04
southern yellow,	95	1.00
white,	95	98
Rye, northern,	95	1.00
Barley,	—	—
Oats, northern, (prime)	60	62
HAY, best English, ton,	22 00	25 00
Eastern screwed,	16.00	17.00
Hard pressed,	18.00	20.00
HONEY, gallon,	37	42
HOPS, 1st quality, (new) lb.	14	16
2d quality,	—	—
LARD, Boston, 1st sort, lb.	11	12
Southern 1st sort,	9	10
LEATHER, slaughter, sole, lb.	19	20
do. upper,	12	14
Dry Hide, sole,	19	21
do. upper,	18	20
Philadelphia, sole,	27	29
Baltimore, sole,	25	27
LIME, best sort, cask,	1.06	1.10
PORK, Mass., inspection, extra clear, bbl.	20.50	21.00
Navy, mess,	16 00	16.50
Bone, middlings,	—	—
SEEDS, Herd's Grass, (new) bushel,	2 25	2.50
Red Top, northern, bushel,	70	80
Red Clover, northern, lb.	9	11
White Dutch Honeysuckle, lb.	25	30
SILK COCOONS, American, bushel,	2.75	3.00
TALLOW, tried, cwt.	7.50	8 00
WOOL, prime or Saxony Fleeces, lb.	65	75
American, full blood, washed,	55	65
American, ¾ washed,	50	55
American, ½ washed,	37	42
American, ¼ washed,	40	45
Native washed,	38	60
Northern pulled. Pulled superfine,	55	60
1st Lambs,	45	50
2d Lambs,	33	38
3d Lambs,	25	30
1st spinning,	48	50

Southern pulled wool is generally 5 cents less per lb.

PROVISION MARKET.

RETAIL PRICES.

BUTTER, tub, lb.	18	20
lump,	22	25
CIDER, bbl.	2.50	3.00
HAMS, northern, lb.	12	13
Southern,	11	12
EGGS, dozen,	18	20
PORK, whole hogs, lb.	6	7
POTATOES, new, bushel,	50	75
POULTRY, lb.	12	15

[*N. E. Farmer.*

[From the Daily Advertiser and Patriot.]

BRIGHTON MARKET—MONDAY, OCT. 19, 1835.

At market, 4550 beef cattle, 2200 stores, 3750 sheep, and 950 swine.

PRICES. *Beef Cattle.*—The best qualities of beef cattle were scarce, consequently former prices were fully supported. We noticed a few beautiful cattle from Worcester County, equal in richness to the premium cattle, taken at about 34s 6d, and a few at 32s 6d. We quote prime at 30s; good, 26s *a* 28s 6d; two and three year old, 16s 6d *a* 21s.

Barrelling Cattle.—The large number at market, and the unusual warm weather, was the occasion of uneven prices and dull sales. We quote Mess, 22s 6d *a* 23s 3d; No. 1, 21s; No. 2, 16s 6d; some lots of Mess, including a few market cattle, were taken at 24s.

Stores.—Dull. Yearlings $4.50 *a* 5.50; two year old, 7.50 *a* $13; three year old 13 *a* 21.

Sheep.—Dull. Sales at 8s 3d, 9s, 10 6d, 11s, 12s, 12 6d, 13s 6d, and 14s; wethers, 15s, 16s 6d, and 18s.

Swine.—In good demand. A lot of old barrows were taken at 6c; lot of old sows at 5¼c; lots of selected barrows at 6¼c; several lots, more than half sows, were taken at 5½c; one lot at 4 5-8 for sows, and 5 5-8 for barrows; at retail, 5¼ and 5½ for sows, and 6¼ and 6½ for barrows.

EMERSON'S ARITHMETICS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN ARITHMETIC, by Frederick Emerson, late Principal of the Department of Arithmetic, Boylston School, Boston, is now completed. The work is in three Parts.

PART FIRST is a small book, designed for the use of children from five to eight years of age.

PART SECOND contains, within itself, a complete system of Mental and Written Arithmetic, sufficiently extensive for common schools.

PART THIRD, for advanced scholars, comprises a review of the elementary principles of arithmetic, with a full development of its higher operations.

The three books are the result of five years' labor; and their reputation is established by the approval of gentlemen, who do not lend their names to give countenance to indifferent works. Among those who recommend the work are Professor Joslin, of Union College, Schenectady; Professor Pierce, of Harvard University, Cambridge; E. Bailey, Principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Boston; S. W. Seton, Visitor for the Public School Society, New York; W R Johnson, Principal of the Philadelphia High School; Professor Dean, late of Vermont University; Professor Wall, of Ohio University, and Professor Hamilton, of Nashville University.

The Masters of the Boston Public Schools, departments of Arithmetic, make the following statement.

"We have considered it our duty to render ourselves acquainted with the more prominent systems of Arithmetic, published for the use of Schools, and to fix on some work which appears to unite the greatest advantages, and report the same to the School Committee of Boston, for adoption in the public Schools. After the most careful examination, we have, without any hesitancy, come to the conclusion, that Emerson's North American Arithmetic, [Parts First, Second, and Third.] is the work best suited to the wants of all classes of scholars, and most convenient for the purposes of instruction. Accordingly, we have petitioned for the adoption of the work in the Public Schools." (Signed by P. Macintosh, Jr. and seven others.)

At a meeting of the School Committee of Boston, held Nov. 18, 1834, it was voted, unanimously, "That Emerson's North American Arithmetic be substituted for Colburn's First Lessons and Sequel."

Emerson's Arithmetics, and also KEYS to the same for the use of Teachers, are published by RUSSELL, SHATTUCK, & CO., Boston. Oct. 28.

Poetry.

THE LAST REQUEST.

BY B. B. THACHER.

Bury me by the ocean's side,
Give me a grave on the verge of the deep;
Where the noble tide,
When the sea-gales blow, my marble may sweep;
And the glistening surf,
Shall burst on my turf,
And bathe my cold bosom, in death as I sleep.

Bury me by the sea;
That the vesper at eve-fall may sing o'er my grave;
Like the hymn of the bee,
Or the hum of the shell in the silent wave:
Or an anthem roar,
Shall be beat on the shore,
By the storm, and the surge, like a march of the brave.

Bury me by the deep,
Where a living footstep never may tread,
And come not to weep:
Oh! wake not with sorrow the dream of the dead,
But leave me the dirge
Of the breaking surge,
And the silent tears of the sea on my head.

And grave no Parian praise,
Purple no turf for the heartless tomb,
And burn no holy blaze,
To flatter the awe of its solemn gloom;
For the holier light,
Of the star-eyed night,
And the violet morning, my rest shall illume.

And honors, more dear
Than of sorrow, or love, shall be strewn on my clay
By the young green year,
With its fragrant dews, and its crimson array.
Oh! leave me to sleep,
On the verge of the deep,
Till the sky and the seas shall have passed away.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The soil with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hallowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep
In a grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour of retiring;
And we heard the distant random gun,
That the foe was hastily firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Miscellaneous.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

LONG SERMONS.

Brother Kingsbury—I have noticed, now and then, a hint to preachers on the subject of long sermons; and the hint you gave last week, in behalf of some ladies, recalled these to my mind. It is not my object to be personal in my remarks. I would merely congratulate the preacher complained of, that his sermons are such, as one of the ladies says, she "*should be very much interested in*," were not the entertainment of greater duration than would suit her taste or convenience.

What has been said, in the Herald, on the subject of "long sermons," I think has all gone to their condemnation. I believe there has not been a dissenting syllable. Bear with me, Mr. Editor, while I shall venture to be singular on this subject, and introduce a hint or two for the consideration of those who hear.

Those who complain of long sermons have not told us how much time must be occupied in the delivery of a sermon to make it such. But, I presume they are not complaining of sermons an hour and a half or an hour and a quarter in length, for I would charitably hope there are no preachers in the *habit* of delivering such discourses. Certainly I would not be considered an apologist for such. (*a*)

If you will exonerate me from the imputation of *egotism*, I will relate an instance or two of my own observation, and my determination relative to long sermons. I attended a protracted meeting about twelve months ago in the vicinity of Boston, where the people, Congregationalists and Methodists, probably Baptists, and who else I know not, sat upon their seats from the commencement to the close of the religious exercises, and, withal, the speaker occupied nearly *two hours* in the delivery of each sermon! But why did not the people rest, by changing their position, in time of singing and prayer? Why, it was a new fashion to *sit*, and you know how uncomfortable one feels to be out of fashion! I have preached where the people were very near, and almost surrounded me, and had every facility for *kneeling*; but when I knelt in prayer, they all remained upon their seats. This, to me, was exceedingly unpleasant. *But then the fashion, you know*——

Well, Sir, after much thought upon this point, and some others I might mention, convinced that many, very many, move with every wind of fashion, rather than follow the dictates of reason, conscience, and holy-writ, I have determined to preach, when I have *quantum sufficit* of strength and matter, as long as *I* think expedient, with but little reference to the complaint about long sermons. (*b*)

It may be said, these remarks about sitting, during all divine service, are not applicable to every individual, nor to the majority of every congregation. True; they are not. And it may also be granted, that sometimes sermons are longer than is expedient. But, we trust, our ministers are moved by the Holy Ghost to preach. (*c*) If they are, and if they do their duty in their closet, in their study, and among their people, they will "bring forth things new and old;" —matter appropriate, instructive, and interesting. Grant this, and it becomes us, when we are uneasy under their preached word, to ascertain whether the fault be not our own.

Has an hour, have two or three hours flown away, almost imperceptibly, when at the theatre, at the card table, in the dancing-hall, or any other place of amusement? How does a chit-chat agree with us, even now? Is it tedious? Or does time, thus spent, fly swifter than a post, or a shadow before us? How then should we be affected when we hear, for forty minutes, or even more, news from the regions of glory, the law of God, and the ever blessed gospel?

But I must close, praying that, as preachers and hearers, we may be holy. Then may we exclaim,—"How love I thy law:" then shall we hear the joyful sound, with almost untiring patience; then shall the word be sweeter to our taste than "the honey, or the honey-comb." D. S. King.

Spencer, Oct. 9, 1835.

(*a*) You haven't heard what *we* have, then, Brother King. We listened to a popular lecturer, once, three hours and twenty minutes—and he, during that time speaking three words while we could one. What say you to that?

(*b*) That is to say, if you have matter sufficient to keep you three hours, you'll out with it, all at once! Just let us know when you have such a superabundance, dear brother, will you; i. e. if we are likely to be one of your hearers? "The *spirit* indeed is willing, but the *flesh* is weak."

(*c*) Doubtless they are—with proper reverence we say it. But it is the feeling, and general spiritual matter, with which they are inspired. Historical facts, arguments, manner, and length, should be exclusively the result of study, and the peculiar state of the congregation.

FIGHTING PREACHER.

In the period of the Commonwealth in England, a young officer, who had been bred in France, went one day to the ordinary at the Black Horse, in Holborn, where the person that usually presided at table was a rough, old-fashioned gentleman, who, according to the custom of those times, had been both a major and preacher of a regiment. The young officer began to ridicule religion, and to speak against the dispensations of Providence. The major, at first, only desired him to speak more respectfully of religion, but finding him to run on, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner.

The young fellow, who thought to turn matters to jest, asked the major, if he was going to preach, at the same time bidding him to take care what he said against a man of honor.

"A man of honor!" cried the major, "thou art an infidel, and a braggart; and I will treat thee as such."

The quarrel at length ran so high, that the young officer challenged the major.

On their going into the garden to settle the dispute, the old gentleman advised his antagonist to consider the place he might be driven to; but, finding him scurrilous, "Sirrah," said he, "if a thunderbolt does not strike thee before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy insolence to myself." This said, he drew out his sword, and, with a loud voice exclaimed,—"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

This terrified the young gentleman so much, that he was instantly disarmed and thrown on his knees, in which posture he begged for his life and made the necessary apology.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

TROUBLES AMONG THE RELATIVES OF MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

John. Mother, I wish that old jug was broke.

Mother. Why, John?—I'm sure it's a very good looking one.

John. It looks as well as any on 'em, I 'spose. I wish 'twas broke, though.

Mother. What would your sir and I do for sperit?

John. Do?—Do without it, as the squire does.

Mother. Who's been talkin such stuff to you, John? Your father and I has seen as many years as some of them boys that go about talkin agin their betters.

John. That man that talked agin bitters last night, had as many grey hairs in his head as grandsir, I guess.

Mother. How came you up to the meetin'us? 'Tis a great pity some folks hadn't somethin better to do than be ridin about on other folks' money, stirrin up quarrels and settin children up so.

John. I reckon as how we all want settin up. I'd like *settin up* on a bench in the school'us, now and then, and not have every boy I see twittin me about my not knowin nothin—and I'd like settin up in the meetin'us, and not be a heathen, as a little gal called me tother day—and every thing of ourn wants *settin up*; there's the old chimbley blew half down the last storm—and the old barn shook like grandsir in an arterplack fit, and I hearn a fellow say he reckoned our old horse wanted shoein.

Mother. You young varmin! you a'n't arning your victuals, and you dare to talk so to your own mother, you good for nothin——

John. Only to lug the old jug up to Tipple's, arter sperit, every day; that's all I'm good for, I 'spose.

Mother. I'll call your sir, to horsewhip you, you villin.

John. I guess sir a'n't got no horsewhip—I see him break it up to the store, tryin to get the mare out o' the shed, where she was smellin arter oats, I reckon.

Mother. John, what do you mean, to buse your father and mother so! I'll be bound you stopped up to the meeting'us all the time that ranter was hollerin; I heerd him almost down here; I'll warrant his throat's sore for him.

John. You wouldn't thought so, if you'd hearn him wind up, I guess. I wish sir had only been there—I rather think he'd been as scared as he was when he had the crazy spell and see so many little devils arter him. I never felt so shamed afore as I did when that man was tellin all about us.

Mother. He didn't call our names right out, did he, John?

John. I reckon he'd hearn all about us afore he went to meetin, though.

Mother. What did he say, John?

John. He said sir and you were a nuisance, as I took it, and I 'spose he meant to tell them health folks they ought to move you as they did somethin what they called a nuisance up in the village, last summer.

Mother. What else did he say, John?

John. A great sight on't, I tell you—and I reckon he didn't lie nuther. He wanted to know what good there was in drinkin sperit; then he asked 'em if they never see a man and woman that drink sperit, set to and fight; then he went on and teld about jist sich a house as ourn, with old hats stickin out the winders, and the shingles all off the roof, and then says he, didn't you never see some great boys round there, who only know'd how to swear and carry the jug up to the store! Thinks I, when he said this, he's seed my jug, so I just skulked out and whipt it over the wall, long side a grave-stone.

Mother. Why didn't you bring it right home, John?

John. 'Cause I wanted to hear more on't, so I slipt up garilee and hearn him out.

Mother. What else did he say, John?

John. He said you and sir was pizonin yourselves.

Mother. What with, John?

John. Nothin only New England rum,—all the doctors says that's pizon. I hearn Dr. Jones tell sir so, the last time he had the horrors, and this man told over a string of doctors half an hour long, who say so too, and I reckon 'tis.

Mother. No such thing, John. Your old grandsir's drinked ever since the revolution war, and he a'n't pizoned yet.

John. I guess he's got a tough liver though, and I guess the old squire would throw him ten to one in wrastlin. The man said such as grandsir were pretty scarce too, most all on 'em die afore they're forty-five.

Mother. How does he know grandsir's liver is any tougher than anybody's else? He a'n't never seen it.

John. I guess he's seen a good many jist sich, though. He said he was a doctor, and I reckon he's looked into dead folks afore now, for he told over about seein livers jist like sole leather, and findin pieces o' bone all over their brains, and smellin rum there too.

Mother. John, he's a great liar, any body might know.

John. He told one pretty tough story about an old woman who catch fire by her breath, and burnt all up to a cinder.

Mother. Didn't nobody tell him that was a lie? There's moistur in the breath, and that won't burn, I know.

John. Rum will fast enough, and I 'spose she had her mouth full on't.

Mother. Did he say a *little* rum was pizon, John?

John. He said rum was pizon, and I b'lieve him.

Mother. Did he say we mustn't drink *none*, John? 'Spose a body gets wet through, and all chilled and shaken?

John. The man said 'twan't no use to burn up the inside, 'cause the outside wanted dryin. He said he'd been ridin about all winter, and got wet through and through many a time, and didn't touch a drop, and I reckon if you was to see him, you'd say he'd whip half a dozen of father.

Mother. I guess if the small pox come along, he'd take it fast enough, though.

John. He said he wouldn't run for small pox nor nothin else, and all last summer he was down there to York, and saw 'em dyin off with colery, and he stuck to cold water and wa'n't hurt a bit; and accordin to his tellin, 'twas well you and sir want down there, for all rum drinkers went off pretty sudden.

Mother. John, didn't nobody get up and go out o' meetin?

John. I see Tipple out in the entry, when I was going to hide the jug, but arter I got back he'd cleared out. Some on 'em run down stairs pretty hard, as if 'twas hot up there, and soon arter I see old Nat the tavern keeper thrash out, shakin his head as if he meant to lick the doctor the first time he catched him.

Mother. And I hope he'll beat the imperdent rascal into better manners.

John. He won't do it I reckon, for arter meetin the squire and all the great folks got round the doctor, and I guess they agreed to stand by him, 'cause he didn't look a bit scared. I'd jest tackle for him myself, I'm thinkin, if he wants me to take hold. And I don't mean to lug that old jug any more, nuther.

Mother. Stop, John, where are you going?

John. I hear sir growlin; he'll be here in a minnit, and I'll clear out, and tell you more on't some other time.—*Salem Landmark.*

SABBATH SONNET.

Composed by Mrs. Hemans, a few days before her death.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their way,
Toward spire and tower, 'mid shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.
The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a free vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound—yet, oh my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace has filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowest thankfulness.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"They say."—"They say" tells that which is not true, at least, three-quarters of the time. He is about the worst authority you can produce to support the credibility of your statement. Scarcely was there ever a suspicious report put in circulation, but this Mr. *They Say* was the author of it, and he always escapes responsibility and detection, because, living just no where, he can never be found. Who said that Mr. E., the merchant, was supposed to be in a failing condition? Why "they say" so. On what authority do they affirm, that neighbor F. has been seen in bad company? Why "they say" so. Is it a fact, that Mrs. G. is not so chaste and circumspect as she should be? Why "they say" so. Plague on this Mr. *They say*; he is half brother to that Mr. Nobody, who always does all the mischief and lives nowhere but in the inventive brain of those, who, undeserving respect themselves, are desirous to pull down others to their own level. We always suspect the truth of a report, that comes from the authority of "*They Say*."—*Christian Int.*

THE FLAT-HEAD INDIANS.

The travels of Ross Cox in the *very* "far west," contain much that is interesting relating to the Indian character and customs. The following extract is descriptive of one of their most curious customs:—

"They differ little," says the author, "from each other in laws, manners, or customs; and were I to make a distinction, I would say the Cathlamahs are the most tranquil, the Killymucks the most roguish, the Clatsops the most honest, and the Chinooks the most incontinent. The Chilts, a small tribe who inhabit the coast to the northward of Cape Disappointment, partake in some degree of these various qualities. The abominable custom of flattening their heads prevails among them all. Immediately after birth the infant is placed in a kind of oblong cradle, formed like a trough, with moss under it. One end, on which the head reposes, is more elevated than the rest. A padding is then placed on the forehead with a piece of cedar-bark over it, and by means of cords passed through small holes on each side of the cradle the padding is pressed against the head. It is kept in this manner upwards of a year, and is not, I believe, attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant, however, while in this state of compression, is frightful, and its little black eyes, forced out by the tightness of the bandages, resemble those of a mouse choked in a trap. When released from this inhuman process, the head is perfectly flattened, and the upper part of it seldom exceeds an inch in thickness. It never afterwards recovers its rotundity.—They deem this an essential point of beauty, and the most devoted adherent of our first Charles never entertained a stronger aversion to a *Roundhead* than these savages. They allege, as an excuse for this custom, that all their slaves have round heads; and accordingly every child of a bondsman, who is not adopted by the tribe, inherits not only his father's degradation, but his parental rotundity of cranium.—This deformity is unredeemed by any peculiar beauty, either in features or person. The height of the men varies from five feet to five feet six inches; that of the women is generally six or eight inches less. The nose is rather flat, with distended nostrils; and a mouth, seldom closed, exposes to view an abominable set of short, dirty, irregular teeth. The limbs of the men are in general well-shaped; but the women, owing to tight ligatures which they wear on the lower part of the legs, are quite bandy, with thick ankles and broad flat feet. They have loose hanging breasts, slit ears, and perforated noses, which, added to greasy heads, and bodies saturated with fish oil, constitute the sum total of their personal attractions. The good qualities of these Indians are few; their vices many. Industry, patience, sobriety, and ingenuity, nearly comprise the former; while in the latter may be classed, thieving, lying, incontinence, gambling, and cruelty. They are also perfect hypocrites."

THE PLOUGH HORSE.

It is much easier to do good by proxy than in person. To put one's hand into one's pocket is not always as much charity, as to put one's hand to the plough. Take a good example. The late James Brackenridge, an alumnus of Princeton Seminary, was one day returning from preaching, in the neighborhood of Schellsburg, Bedford, Pennsylvania; and as he rode along he perceived two aged persons, husband and wife, hoeing corn in a field. He halted, and inquired why they used the hoe instead of the plough.

"Why, to tell you the plain truth," said the old man, "We have no horse, and we are too poor to get one, and our corn must be attended to now, if at all."

Good Mr. Brackenridge instantly dismounted.

"Here is my horse," said he, "take it, and plow your corn. I lend you the beast for three days; and when you have done using him, leave him at such a place."

He took the saddle on his back, and carried it one or two miles, to his dwelling.

Was not this goodness? Yet it is but one of a hundred similar tokens of holy charity, in the same young man. The fruit of his labors is abundant and manifest at Schellsburg.

[From the Correspondent of the Christian Witness.]

ENGLISH HEATHS AND COMMONS.

The heaths of England, of which there are many, are level, or rolling tracts, sometimes of large extent, covered with heather, furze, or broom, and serving little purpose, save as coverts for different species of game. Occasionally, however, the surplus labor of the country is employed in clearing the soil of its deep-rooted plants, after which it becomes of considerable value, for various purposes of husbandry. To-day, we passed over one, of great extent, called, I believe, Melburn, or Melbourn Heath. It is a rolling tract, large portions of which have been brought under cultivation. Its hill-sides showed numerous long, narrow, and parallel patches, covered alternately with heavy burthens of the trefoil and cinque-foil grasses, which, with their red and yellow blossoms, gave an aspect of even singular beauty to a once dreary region. *English Commons* are a different class of unenclosed lands. They are, as I understood my informers, certain ancient parish hereditaments, in which every poor man in the parish has a legal right, including the privilege of feeding thereon a certain number of geese, and which can never be purchased and enclosed as private property, without first obtaining, what the interests of the poor render extremely difficult, an Act of Parliament authorizing such a measure. These Commons are often large and rich tracts of ground, covered with a fine turf, but rendered next to valueless by the peculiar tenure under which they are held. In a few instances, acts of Parliament have been obtained, authorizing their enclosure and sale; and if the time should ever come, when the like policy shall be applied to them all, no mean accession will thereby be made to the agricultural resources of this garden Isle, already so surprisingly rich in the products of the soil.

THE THRONGED CITY.

Mr. Brooks has the following passage in one of his letters, descriptive of his feelings, upon entering the thronged and populous city of London:—

But all my eyes were for London. Anon we were ingulphed in this whirlpool of human beings, swallowed up in the mighty vortex,—in the city of the growth of centuries, where man has been dying for hundreds and hundreds of years, and other men have filled the reservoir,—where battles, and the plague, have striven to see which should work direst havoc with human life,—where the great dead had thronged, and the mighty living were thronging; and here I am, one solitary man, knowing not a human being, among one million and a half like myself. And here, even here, over the very dust of the host slain by the plague, and the mightier host slain by Time, palaces are up, the wild reckless laugh is heard—commerce is boisterous, pushing its wealth,—the beautiful lady and gallant beau, are driving with their high and proudly-decked steeds,—and the golden-embroidered livery of servants is flashing in the sunset. Oh, there is something painfully sad on entering such a city! Where are the men, who, years and years ago, figured so illustriously, the kings and the nobles, the orators and the poets? And where such men as Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Sheridan, and Fox are gone, with the other dead within the walls of yonder Abbey? I am writing this within the sound of Westminster. What is fame or wealth that this host, now boisterously trampling the streets, should seek it thus? Does Wellington or Peel, within the walls of St. Stephen's, either promise himself an existence that a Marlborough or a Canning has not, that each struggles so fiercely in the conflict of parties? What confusion this is here! What involutions of streets and lanes! What piles of brick, mortar, and stone! What a wilderness of men! What a hell of thoughts and actions, and I, among them all, am but the millionth and five hundredth part! Good God, how utterly insignificant we are!

Punctuality.—President Washington was the most punctual man in the observance of appointments, ever known to the writer. He delivered his communications to Congress, at the opening of each session, in person. He always appointed the hour of twelve at noon for this purpose, and he never failed to enter the hall of Congress while the state-house clock was striking that hour. His invitations to dinner were always given for four o'clock, P. M. He allowed five minutes for the variation of time-pieces; and he waited no longer for any one. Certain lagging members of Congress sometimes came in when dinner was nearly half over. The writer has heard the President say to them, with a smile, "Gentlemen, we are too punctual for you; I have a cook who never asks, whether the company has come, but whether the hour has come."

SINGING BOOKS.

As the season is approaching for the commencement of Singing Schools, the subscriber would give notice that all the varieties of Singing Books will be furnished at the publishers' prices, at No. 19 Washington street.

Sept. 30. D. H. ELA.

LIVE GEESE AND RUSSIA FEATHERS,

At Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, Boston.

ROGERS & HASKELL offer for sale best Northern and Western Live Geese and Russia FEATHERS, which are warranted free from smell or moths. July 8.

WHITTIER & WARREN.

WARRANTED BOOTS AND SHOES of all descriptions, by the package or single pair, No. 14 Dock Square, (opposite Faneuil Hall,) Boston. tf Sept 9.

TO CARPENTERS.

THE proprietors of the Methodist Meeting House at Newton, Upper Falls, being desirous of enlarging the House, request Carpenters in the vicinity, who may wish for the job, to call, without delay, on MARSHALL S. RICE.

Oct. 7.

BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY.

THE BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY have taken a Warehouse at No. 8 State street, where they now offer for sale such articles as are manufactured at their Factory, consisting of as great a variety as at any other establishment in this city. All goods offered to the public at the above warehouse will be stamped with the Factory's name, and warranted of the first quality, and in no cases will higher prices be charged than a other establishments.

The public are respectfully invited to call.

Purchasers from the South and West will find a good assortment, adapted for those markets.

FREDERICK GOULD, *Agent.*

July 22. 3m

WANTED,

A NUMBER of enterprising and responsible men, of genteel address, and good moral habits, as Agents to circulate Popular Works, to whom good encouragement will be given.—Inquire at No. 19 Washington street.

Oct. 14, 1835.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

{ L. S. } BE it remembered, that on the first day of October, Anno Domini 1835, William C. Woodbridge of the said District, and Emma Willard of the District of New York, have deposited in this office the Title of a book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit: "Rudiments of Geography, on a new plan, designed to assist the Memory by Comparison and Classification, with numerous Engravings of Manners, Customs, and Curiosities, accompanied with an Atlas, exhibiting the prevailing Religions, Forms of Government, Degrees of Civilization, and the comparative size of Towns, Rivers, and Mountains. By William C. Woodbridge, A. M., Author of Elements of Universal Geography;" the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in conformity with an act of Congress, entitled, "An Act to amend the several acts respecting Copy-rights." FRANCIS BASSETT,

Oct. 14. 4w Clerk of the District.

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By William C. Woodbridge, A. M., late Instructor in the American Asylum; containing the following Maps:

I. The World.	VI. Europe.
II. Chart of the World.	VII. Asia.
III. North America.	VIII. Africa.
IV. United States.	IX. Chart of Climates and Productions.
V. South America.	

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FURNITURE AND CHAIRS.

ROGERS & HASKELL, continue to keep for sale at Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, a good assortment of Furniture and Chairs, which they offer very low for cash.

July 8. tf

BOTANIC INFIRMARY.

Let the Sick read and attend!

THE subscriber would give notice to the public generally, and to his friends particularly, that he has opened a Botanic Infirmary in Methuen village, Mass., where he will be happy to receive and attend upon any who may favor him with their patronage.

The subscriber feels confident, from his own experience and observation, that the Thomsonian system is in itself sufficient to meet every disease, and every exigency to which human nature is heir. He has seen fever—that scourge of mankind—bow and submit to the powerful effect of vegetable remedies, in the short space of *twenty-four hours*. If any doubt, let him come and see,—and if the system, upon trial, prove good, advocate it; but if bad, then, and not till then, discard it.

A female nurse, well qualified for the business, will devote all her time in attendance upon the female patients, who may repair to the Infirmary for the recovery of their health.

An assortment of Vegetable Medicines will be kept for sale at the Infirmary, among which are the following articles, viz.—Restorative Syrup, Rheumatic Drops, Vegetable Powders, Valuable Bitters, Rheumatic Linament, &c. &c.

Oct. 7. 3mos. L. H. BENNETT.

SUPPLEMENT TO SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT.

THIS work is just published, and may be had in any quantity, at the publishers' prices, of DAVID H. ELA,

Sept. 9. 19 Washington Street.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

EXECUTED with neatness, and on reasonable terms, at the HERALD OFFICE, 19 Washington street.

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1. The Herald is published weekly at $2.00 per annum, if paid within two weeks from the time of subscribing. If payment is neglected after this, $2 50 will be charged, and $3.00 if not paid at the close of the year.

2. All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months, unless paid.

3. All the travelling preachers in the NewEngland, Maine, and New Hampshire Conferences are authorized agents, to whom payment may be made.

4. All Communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to Benj. Kingsbury, Jr., post paid, unless containing $10.00, or five subscribers.

5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters involving facts, must be accompanied with the names of the writers.

We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake.